Week ending August 4 1956
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Begins this week

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My fantastic search for the creature that lived before the dawn of history

by Dr. J. L. B. SMITH

Miracle at Lensham
A long complete story by

RICHARD DIMBLEBY

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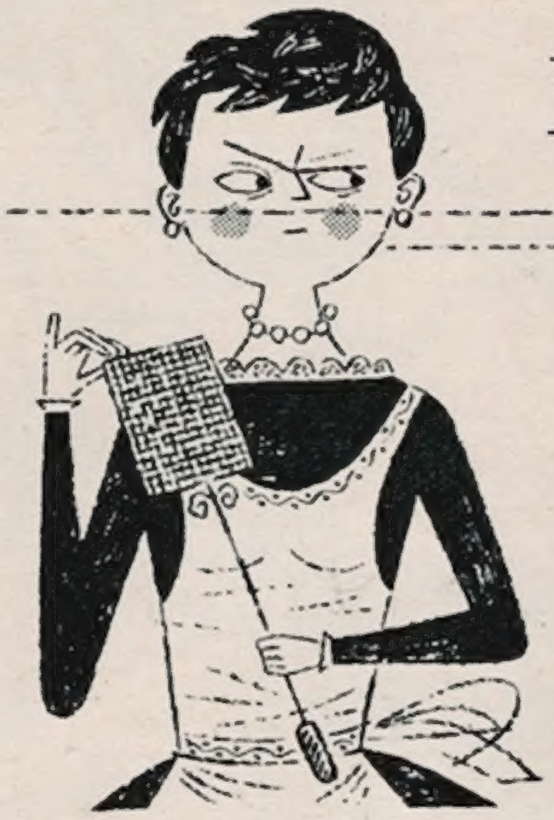

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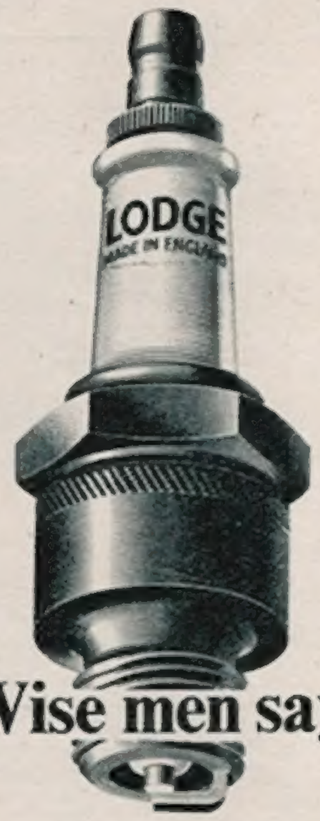

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Richard Dimbleby retreats to his farm in moments of spare time

A SENTIMENTAL journey which Richard Dimbleby recently made produced one of his rare short stories. "There's a village in Lincolnshire called Dembleby," he says. "My ancestors, who were named de Dembleby, landed there about fifteen hundred years ago. Not long ago I made a pilgrimage to Dembleby and left a thank offering in the local church. I kept on recalling that visit: then, on the spur of the moment, I wrote the story 'Miracle At Lensham,' based on my own experience." It begins on page 12.

Dimbleby has also written a novel and three books, all in longhand, but his B.B.C. duties leave him little time for writing nowadays. To his B.B.C. colleagues, Dimbleby is an "anchor man"—a born commentator who will improvise through the gravest technical hitch. To his friends he is a family man with three sons and a daughter, and a farmer with twenty-six acres and a herd of pedigree cattle near Haslemere, Surrey.

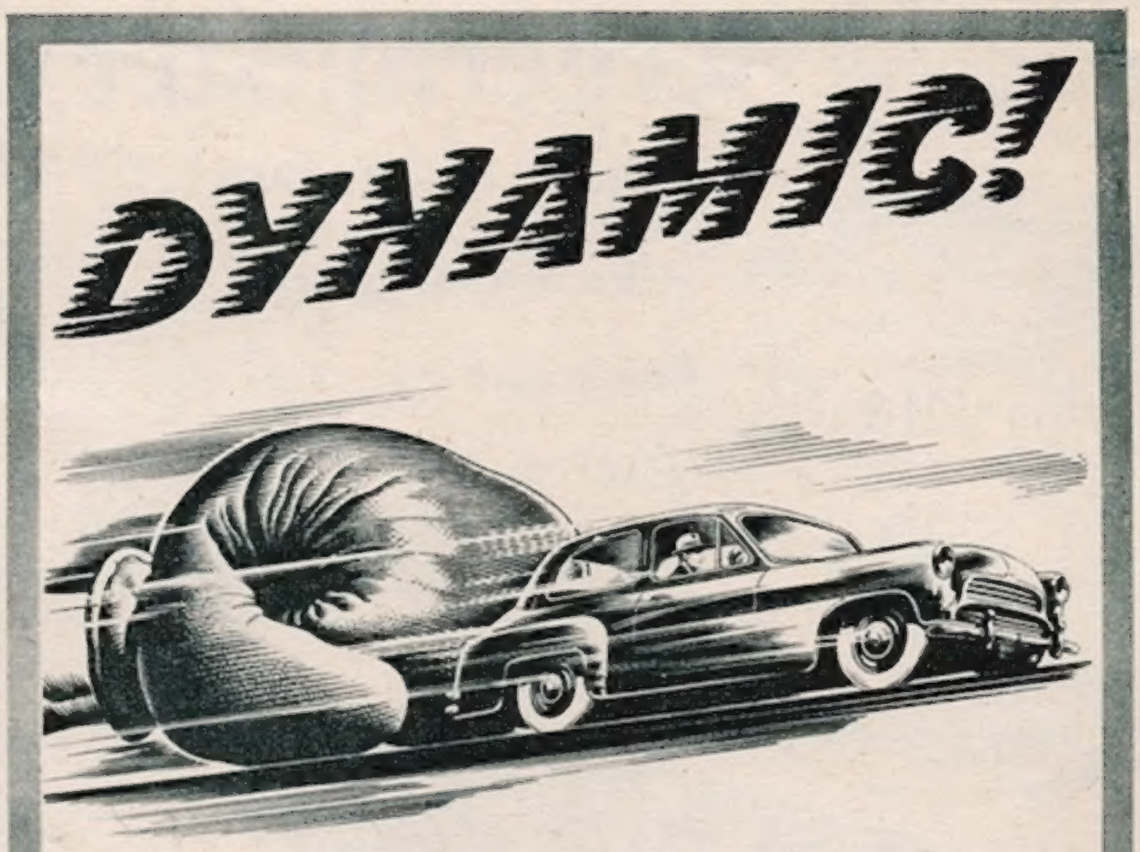
He met his wife Dilys when they were both junior reporters on the Dimbleby family newspapers in Richmond. They live in a sixteenth-century house which he values as a retreat. "I love to spend my spare time here," he says. "That is, when I have any."

USING some of his father's cast-off tackle, a young boy named James Leonard Brierley Smith was fishing at Knysna, a small South African resort. Suddenly, he hooked a bream-like fish called a dassie, the first he had ever caught. "This wonderful shining thing I had pulled up from the unknown world below the water had a terrific effect on me, probably more than anything since," says Dr. J. L. B. Smith. "From then on, angling has been a passion, a madness, sometimes even a reproach."

It was often cause for reproach at Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, where Dr. Smith went to teach chemistry in 1923 after studying at Cambridge. Angling as a pastime for professors was frowned upon. From catching fish, he turned to classifying them, and worked out a numerical system for identifying them.

Fifteen years later Dr. Smith's pastime paid off with his startling announcement about the coelacanth, whose story begins on page 18. Since then, as head of the department of ichthyology at Rhodes University College, he has turned his hobby into a full-time job.

A bushy-browed, wiry man of fifty-nine, he has discovered and named more than a hundred species of fish. He has also found common varieties in places where it was thought they did not exist. In Zanzibar a few years ago he found an eel in a reservoir, the first to be captured on the island. Zanzibar's coral surface is so porous that none of its streams flow directly into the sea, where eels are born. How this eel, a well-nourished thirty-incher, got into the reservoir is as much a mystery as how the coelacanth has survived for millions of years.



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Free Speech

- **A bystander's struggle with his conscience**
- **Does our rate system need reform?**
- **Nursing for the not-so-bright**

RETURNING to my hotel while visiting another town on business some years ago, I came across two policemen struggling with three men in the street. The men, I learned later, had unsuccessfully attempted a daylight hold-up in a shop.

On seeing the fight, I hesitated. Then one of the policemen called on me for help. Dutifully, I joined in—but reluctantly, too, for being married and having a family I did not much want to risk injury.

Fortunately, we won, but afterwards I wondered whether I was bound to help the police and whether I could have sued them, or the men they were arresting, for damages if I had been injured.—B. G. S., Leicester.

"It is an offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment, not to help the police if called upon by them to do so," says a lawyer. "If anyone is injured in rendering aid, no doubt there would be official compensation."

Working Hours

Perhaps Mrs. V. L. of Wimbledon ("Free Speech," July 14) would like to compare grammar school hours with those of the average British public school. We start work at 9 a.m. and continue till 12.15 p.m. Work begins again at 5 p.m. till 6.40, with prep from 7.30 to 9 p.m. This includes Saturdays.

I suggest that grammar schools should revise their hours of work. Study is not merely something to put up with until the end of the week.—PATRICK TAYLOR, Trinity College, Glenalmond, Perthshire.

Reason In Rhyme

Some nursery rhymes and possibly fairy tales ("Free Speech," July 7) have proved to be good material for preparing children for some of the harshness of life. Too much loving protection from sadness and knowledge of evil can make a child very vulnerable. — MARGARET BURTON, London, W.C.1.

Colour Tests

Railwaymen have to undergo a strict eyesight test for colour and normal vision, but I am surprised that no colour test is required for motorists. There must be many who are colour blind.—F. RAYMENT, Hertford.

"On the railway, there are often many signals grouped together near other lights," says the Transport Ministry. "But there is no such problem with road signs. Traffic lights can be distinguished by their position on the sign; and the red one clearly bears the word 'Stop' across it."

Fine Value

Fines imposed in our courts should be far more in keeping with offenders' incomes. At present a fine of £5 meted out to one man may be worth as little as 5s. to another who is earning much more.—F. W. HOWARD, Lyndhurst, Hampshire.

Unfair Rating

I can see no justification for the present system of levying rates. At one time it was reasonable to suppose that the occupiers of large houses had incomes to match, but today many people are forced to spend far more than they can afford on mortgage repayments, simply because there is no alternative.

A fairer way would be to assess ratepayers on their incomes.—MRS. P. M. ADAMS, Langley, Bucks.

Cool Reception

For eighteen months at the end of the war I stayed at Overysche, a tiny village near Brussels. The people were hard working, full of natural gaiety and happiness, and I resolved to return.

Now I have done so, and I was disappointed. I did not meet a very enthusiastic reception from the villagers. Perhaps the friendship felt for the British after the war has waned, but my return made me feel that happiness recaptured is never quite the same.—MRS. J. B., Romford, Essex.

Wrong Foot

As children went into a local school recently, I stood by the gate and noticed that while most of them were well clothed, at least half of them wore shoes that had obviously not been cleaned for several days. When I was a child, my father always told me that you could tell a person's character by the condition of his shoes. I wonder why parents neglect to start their children off along the right road by paying attention to such simple details.—MRS. M. WHITEHOUSE, Torquay, Devon.

Sculptor's Shame

While travelling in Austria, I noticed that by one of the large lakes there was a statue of a lion, perfect in every way except that it lacked a tongue. I was told that the statue was made many years ago, and the

sculptor, realizing his omission, hurled himself into the lake and drowned.

Sculptors of our modern monstrosities who may think this sculptor's zeal for perfection commendable might like to copy him—preferably before they start.—JOHN RENNIE, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Nursing Hope

A girl I know has her heart set on a nursing career. She is in the Junior Red Cross and has a number of certificates. But she has not gained a General Certificate of Education.

Scholastically, she is not very bright, and she recently failed her entrance examination to a local hospital. But it seems unimaginative to spurn an enthusiastic sense of vocation and a measure of relevant knowledge, for the sake of what seems to be irrelevant academic attainment.—W. J. J., Riverside, Cardiff.

"Although she could not become a State Registered Nurse, a nursing career would not be denied her," says the Ministry of Health. "It was to cater for such people that the Roll of Assistant Nurses was started, the examination for which is nearly all practical. And the course is two years, compared with the three years necessary for studying to become an S.R.N. The Assistant Nurse does real

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Pepsi-Cola has it—that extra-special something that makes you want it next time. We call it refreshment plus, but whatever you call it, Pepsi's a drink in a million.

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ROUNDABOUTS
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Beat the big drum—Weston's Roundabouts are here! Crisp biscuit topped with jam-filled marshmallow and circled with melt-in-the-mouth milk chocolate . . . gosh, they're good. And, at only 2d., such marvellous value! Ask for Weston's Roundabouts right away.
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And in colourful cartons of six at 1/-
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MUM LOVES ME NOW

"MY MUM LOVES ME NOW. I can tell because her hands are gentler . . . her voice is sweeter . . . and her kisses are softer. I don't know what I did. But all of a sudden she just started *loving* me!"

Linda, dear, *you* didn't do anything. It was *Mum's chemist*. He gave her Bile Beans, which is now a double-purpose laxative with a real plus factor (don't try to pronounce it) Tauroglycocholate.

It's astonishing! Bile Beans Laxative Plus works *overnight*—breaking up unwanted fats . . . clearing your system of toxic food wastes that cause indigestion, liverishness and other unsuspected ills.

Your whole system functions better. You look and feel as you *should*. Clear-eyed. Fresh-complexioned. *On top of the world!* (Ask for Bile Beans Laxative Plus from all chemists and stores—9½d., 1/9d., 4/- and Twists 3 for 3½d.)

Note: nursing mothers should not take laxatives without their doctor's advice.

She's a new woman since taking Bile Beans Laxative Plus

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

nursing, not orderly work. But some of her work, such as drug rounds, would be under the supervision of an S.R.N."

Not So Hot

Tea drinkers who like the water really boiling before they make tea in Britain ("Free Speech," June 30) should remember that in the Alps, water—because of the altitude—boils several degrees below the sea level temperature here.—W. B., Kent.

"Water boils at one hundred degrees centigrade at sea level and it is at this temperature that tea is best made," says the Tea Centre. "At higher altitudes water boils at a lower temperature, the variation being about one degree centigrade for every thousand feet."

The Rebels

It is ridiculous to suggest ("Free Speech," July 7) that there are no bad children, only bad parents. Every child is a born liar, thief, adventurer and rebel; and while most of them settle down to become useful law-abiding citizens, a few—no matter

how good or how strict their parents might be—will never fall into line. Half of these are destined from birth to end up in prison, and the other half, ironically enough, are of the stuff that builds empires.—H. E. BRAVERY, Westcott, Dorking, Surrey.

Different Badge

In two illustrations in the second instalment of "Shadow of the Moon" (JOHN BULL, July 7), Captain Alex Randall was shown wearing, not three stars, but a crown and a star—the insignia of a lieutenant-colonel. Is this correct?—F. H. BUNBY, Surrey.

At the time of the story—1856—the badge for a captain was a crown and a star, as shown in the illustrations. For a colonel the insignia was a star and a crown—a captain's insignia in reverse.

On The Sly

I don't feel absolutely sure that my Irish teachers who forced me to use my right hand ("Are You *Really* Right-Handed?" JOHN BULL, July 7) and called me "Kithogue"—Gaelic for both clumsy and left-handed—really did me an injury. I continued to use my left hand on the sly, and became ambidextrous. Like another left-hander, Aneurin Bevan, and King George VI and Sir Winston Churchill, I stammered but learned to speak fluently.—F. SHAW, Liverpool.

. . . Some people still regard left-handedness as a fault. I am a teacher and the last headmaster I worked under objected very strongly because I marked books with a reverse tick.—MARY FOWLER, Preston.

. . . My right-handed son, who is at school in East Pakistan, is being taught to write also with his left hand.—MRS. H. WHITE, London.

. . . I stir tea with the spoon in my right hand, but the motion is anti-clockwise. My friends, who are also right-handed, stir clockwise.—K. M., Angus.

. . . Keith Ellis's reference to a "bar sinister" is not correct. In heraldry, a bar is depicted by a pair of horizontal lines occupying about one-sixth of the shield. It cannot therefore be either sinister (left) or dexter (right). He probably meant to refer to a "bend sinister"—"bend" being "barre" in Norman-French.—BRUCE B. HOGG, York.

Post Free

Recently I tried to obtain used "postage due" stamps for my stamp collection by posting unstamped envelopes to myself. But in each of three cases they were delivered without the stamp—and what is more, without any request for the unpaid postage. This slackness on the Post Office's part must be losing it a lot of revenue.—D. R. STRATTON, Hoole, Chester, Cheshire.

"We always receive a large number of underpaid letters and packets, most of which are charged," says the Post Office. "But some are occasionally overlooked. Recently, the increase in postal rates increased the proportion of underpaid mail, and the terrific amount of extra work this gave us probably let a few more through than usual."

Dazzled

Our local children's playground has been painted so many different colours that it looks like a fairground. The children's library is a combination of white, red, deep plum, black, green and kingfisher blue.

Apart from the visual effect of this fantastic colour scheme, there is the question of the cost of the numerous re-paints that will be necessary to keep it clean.—MISS H. HOLDEN, Harpurhey, Manchester, 9.

"All our parks and playgrounds are being brightened throughout," says Manchester City Corporation. "The effect, we think, is most pleasing and satisfactory and the cost of maintenance will be very little more than if we used dark, dull colours."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

WELL, it could have been worse—but it's a pity that holidays can't be fixed at the last minute, when the weather man's decided just where the sun's going to shine. Father will have to chart a way between the showers, the children had better take those raincoats after all, and Mother might as well pack a few extra comics. Living at the seaside, though, Laurent knows that holidaymakers are Britain's biggest and brightest optimists. "That family on the cover," he says, "will certainly take their sun-tan lotion and swimming costumes as well."

Savlon helped nature heal it

SAVLON is deadly to the germs that can get into cuts and grazes. You can use it freely on tender or injured places. It eases the smart at once. Savlon quickly attacks *the whole range* of germs likely to infect the skin.

Use Savlon for cuts, grazes, burns and scalds. Use it too for common skin troubles. It is mild, soothing and doesn't sting — specially good for children.

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SAV. 50

*Time and Tide enjoying their holiday**

* *Whitbread dray horses are having a fortnight's paid holiday this summer.*

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WHITBREAD

the superb Pale Ale

SOMEBODY like this healthy young chap for instance? Then you, like many mothers-in-waiting, will find Nurse Williams' article on 'Pregnancy Worries' (in August MOTHER) vitally helpful and reassuring. Each month MOTHER presents **over 100 pages of practical articles with dozens of photographs**—and invites you to write for its expert consultants' advice. Make friends with MOTHER, the Magazine of Happy Marriage—get it today!

ALSO IN AUGUST
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Anne's 6th Birthday
Family Knitting · Easy
Slimming Exercises
Extra Holiday
Reading

MOTHER

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Danger times for COLDS & CHILLS

HEED THESE WARNINGS!

1. *A sudden sneeze*
2. *A tickle in the throat*
3. *Hot-and-cold shivers*
4. *Feverish headache*
5. *Heavy, watery eyes*

YOU NEED THIS UNIQUE PRESCRIPTION

Keep Beecham's Powders handy! After a swim or tennis, or other strenuous exercise, there is the danger of chill, and the next thing is you've caught a cold. So, be wise! With the first danger sign take a Beecham's Powder. This unique prescription, because of its fine powder form, makes for quick assimilation and speedy action. The unique formula of Beecham's Powders soon brings the worst symptoms under control. Keep a supply by you.

Carton of 8 Powders—1/9. 2 Powders for 5½d. Also in tablet form—1/9 per bottle

For SUMMER COLDS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Take* BEECHAM'S POWDERS *For QUICK RELIEF!

the things they say!

We called Bob and Mary on the 'phone last night.

Where are they living, these days?

Bob's with an oil company in Edmonton, Alberta . . .

It was rather disappointing, though, really. The atmospherics were bad.

That's often the case when you have to talk by radio-telephone, but it'll be different if you call them when the new Transatlantic telephone *cable* is in commission.

What's so novel about that? They've had cables for years.

Ah yes, but the old ones only carried morse. This will be the first Transatlantic *speech* cable — and it'll carry thirty-five conversations at the same time.

That sounds like a pretty mix-up! How do they manage it?

Well, they use a coaxial cable, and one of the tricks about that is the insulation. It's a plastic called polythene, and apart from being a first-class insulator, polythene is almost indestructible — it'll stand up to its job for years.

Who discovered it?

Imperial Chemical Industries. Lucky thing they did, too, because polythene is the stuff that helped to make our radar more effective than the enemy's during the war. You've probably seen it in the shops, come to that — it's the same versatile plastic as they use for making squeeze bottles, washing-up bowls and sink tidies.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

THE MAN WHO WASN'T SCARED

by ANDREW GARVE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

I couldn't believe my eyes. No one drove at that speed while the Terror was at large . . .

The lorry driver stopped for lunch and a cigarette. It was to be his last

IT was shortly before my retirement as Chief Constable of Downshire that the man who was soon to become notorious as the "Downshire Terror" first showed his hand. A chap named John Iles, a driving instructor employed by the Excelsior School of Motoring in Donchester, had been to the pictures after work and had left his car parked in a quiet run-in beside the school's premises, as he usually did. When he went to collect it just before ten o'clock, he found that someone had torn off a headlamp, forced a door and slashed the upholstery.

On the driver's seat there was a cutting from the *Donchester Herald* reporting a court case in which Iles had recently been involved—one of his pupils had panicked during a lesson and mounted the pavement before the dual control could be used, slightly injuring a woman.

Pinned to the cutting was a sheet of paper on which the wrecker had pencilled in block capitals: FIFTEEN KILLED AND 112 INJURED IN ROAD ACCIDENTS IN DOWNSHIRE LAST MONTH! NO WONDER, WITH MEN LIKE YOU IN CHARGE OF LEARNER DRIVERS! WHY DON'T YOU PAY MORE ATTENTION WHEN YOU'RE ON THE JOB? IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, YOU'LL BE FOR IT!

It was an ugly little incident, and we did all we could to discover who was responsible. But there wasn't much to go on. The job must have been done after dark, for no one had seen anyone near the car. The wrecker evidently wore gloves, for there were no useful fingerprints. The paper on which the

Continued on page 35

John Huston on the quay at Youghal, in Ireland, where he directed scenes for *Moby Dick*. The film realized a plan he made twenty years ago

Whirlwind behind the screen

John Huston makes his films with extravagant carefree energy. He drives his actors and technicians like a demon—or leads them on boisterous sprees

by DAVID MILLWOOD

With Sterling Hayden and Jean Hagen, Huston discusses *The Asphalt Jungle*, in which he directed them. He has succeeded in combining art with box office appeal

IN December, 1954, a unit of ninety-five actors, technicians, stunt men, publicity men and their assistants arrived in the Canary Islands to shoot final scenes for a film of Herman Melville's whale-hunting adventure, *Moby Dick*. Production was already twelve months behind schedule and the estimated cost was exceeded by a million dollars (about £350,000).

At the end of one day's filming, John Huston, the American director in charge of the picture, announced: "Let's go fishing tomorrow."

Those who work for Huston know better than to question his whims. His assistants hired a large private yacht, ordered food and drink, and borrowed a corps of white-coated waiters from the most exclusive hotel in Las Palmas. Huston bought himself an expensive new fishing rod.

As soon as he arrived on board next day, he suggested a game of poker to while away the time it would take to get out to sea.

"The poker session lasted eight hours," says a member of the party. "John lost heavily to one of the stunt men. We returned to port with headaches and empty bottles, but not a fish between us."

Huston, who invariably acts on impulse, ranks among the film industry's most colourful and controversial characters. He is a lean, rangy figure, six feet two inches tall, with stooped shoulders, unruly dark grey hair, a deeply creased, leathery face and a broken nose.

Films such as *The Treasure Of Sierre Madre, The Red Badge Of Courage, Moulin Rouge, The Asphalt Jungle* and *The African Queen* have placed him among the world's leading directors. Since his first film, *The Maltese Falcon;* made when he was thirty-five, Huston has been recognized as a film-maker of rare distinction. The battle scenes in *The Red Badge Of Courage* and the wild and raffish can-can sequence in *Moulin Rouge* are considered to be two of the finest examples of their kind in film history. *The Treasure Of Sierra Madre* earned Huston Academy awards for direction and scriptwriting.

"The secret of John's direction," says Jack Clayton, a producer who is a personal friend of Huston's, "is that it is sensitive and artistic without being self-consciously arty." In the film industry, Huston commands admiration and

When directing crowd scenes in *Moulin Rouge*, Huston played poker with José Ferrer, who had the top rôle

Gregory Peck (left), Leo Genn and Huston joke while making *Moby Dick*. Huston's wild sense of fun has led to furniture-wrecking at one party

respect in three ways—for his personal characteristics of charm, imagination, boundless energy and toughness; for his skill in combining box office success with a work of art inimitably his own; and for charming money out of tough film financiers for his professional adventures.

"John gets away with more unhappy endings than any director alive," says an associate.

Huston's impact on film making as a whole has been considerable. *The Maltese Falcon* started a vogue for the anti-sentimental thriller which is still running its course. He originated or helped to establish many directorial techniques, such as realistic, non-glamorous lighting; one-sided or deliberately muffled phone conversations, actors blocking the camera lens or speaking in foreign languages.

To catch the sombre tones of early whaling prints, Huston devised a completely new colour process for *Moby Dick*, using four negatives instead of the usual three. For the storm sequences, the first ever filmed at sea, he slung the cameras on elastic ropes and permitted salt water to break over the lenses, which were then dried off with an air hose.

Moby Dick is Huston's most ambitious film so far—it cost 4,600,000 dollars (£1,640,000) and took three years to make. When it is shown in London for the first time this autumn, Huston is expected to be in the South Seas, on location for his next picture. A restless cosmopolitan, who prefers the freedom of working as a freelance, he roams the world for ideas and locations and often stores up an idea for years before putting anything on film. *Moby Dick* is the realization of a plan he made twenty years ago. He plans so far ahead that he now has enough story material to last until 1960.

On the set, Huston dresses casually, talks in a slow drawl, often spends hours on his favourite hobby—practical jokes—and gives instructions in a casual offhand way. He directed crowd scenes for *Moulin Rouge* while playing poker with his leading actor, José Ferrer, and kept a film unit idle for weeks in Africa while he went off big-game hunting.

"Behind John's apparently lackadaisical leadership there is shrewdness and efficiency," says Oswald (Ozzie) Morris, Huston's director of photography on his last three films. "He has a clear idea of what he wants and can be quite ruthless about getting it. Once, knowing that I was unwell, he said: 'I think Ozzie should be here when we shoot this scene.' Then he sat back and waited until two of his assistants got me out of bed and delivered me on the set."

At times, Huston drives himself and his actors and technicians at a furious pace, and after a hard day's filming spends hours in an hotel room making changes in the script. Sometimes, his seeking after perfection exasperates less patient colleagues. Leo Genn and Richard Basehart re-played one short scene in *Moby Dick* dozens of times in different ways and with constantly amended scripts. Each time, Huston announced that it was "not quite right yet." One day, twelve months after the first rehearsal, he produced a completely new version of the scene which he had written the previous night—and filmed it to his satisfaction in half an hour.

Fifteen years at the top of his profession and the beginning of middle age—he is fifty this month—have not quelled Huston's taste for extravagant behaviour or his boisterous sense of fun. Demonstrating American football at a friend's house in London recently, he turned a sedate cocktail party into a furniture-wrecking free-for-all.

Everyone from the clapper boy to the principal actor is a potential victim of Huston's jokes. For a scene in the film *We Were Strangers*, Jennifer Jones had to dig a tunnel beneath a cemetery. As she toiled in an eerie light amid the graves, her shovel unearthed a "prop" hand planted there by Huston. Her screams delighted him and he was undismayed by her reprisal: the gift of a frisky chimpanzee delivered to his Hollywood apartment. "The chimp and I became just like two buddies," he recalls. "She slept in my room that night—at least she did when she wasn't wrecking the place. In the morning, it looked like a battleground."

Huston has been married three times and has made a precarious living as a boxer in California, a crime reporter in New York, a soldier in the Mexican Army, which he joined to gain cavalry experience, and as a busker in the London streets. Today, he earns as much as £1,000 a week during film work, but confesses that he is often broke, "living on next year's salary."

Two years ago, he moved his wife and two children from Hollywood to Ireland, where he has since bought a rambling grey stone mansion on the west coast. His ultra-expensive tastes include boots at £18 a pair and hand-made Havana cigarettes which are flown out from New York to whichever part of the world he happens to be working in. Until recently he owned racehorses and rode to hounds in Ireland.

To his many friends, who include Humphrey Bogart, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, Billy Pearson, a leading American jockey, and Oonagh, Lady Oranmore and Browne, John Huston is a fascinating enigma.

"It is impossible to get really close to him," says a colleague who has known Huston for twenty years. "Deep friendship embarrasses him."

Freedom to express himself when and how he pleases has always meant more to Huston than commercial success. When, as a struggling young scriptwriter in the early thirties, he began working at home in the evenings or whenever the mood took him, he antagonized a studio executive by showing up only spasmodically at his office. The executive sent him a curt memorandum, asking: "What kind of racket do you think you're in?"

Huston replied stiffly: "I was not aware, until I received your note, that I was mixed up in a racket. I have no desire to remain mixed up in one, so I am quitting yours."

His independence stems from an unconventional upbringing. The son of the late character actor Walter Huston, he was born at Nevada, Missouri. His parents separated when he was six and his only formal education began and ended with three years at Los Angeles High School. Boxing was his principal interest. When he went to live in New York at the age of sixteen, his father used to act as his sparring partner. The first time they sparred, Walter knocked him out. As soon as he regained consciousness, John looked up at his father.

"That was pretty good, Pop," he said. "Now—let's try it again, shall we?"

During the next fifteen years, John fully justified his father's description: "that wild Indian boy of mine." After brilliant starts and abrupt halts in half a dozen careers, he began film work as a scriptwriter in Hollywood. In 1935, he took a scripting assignment in London, but after an argument with an executive found himself jobless and penniless. For four months he slept in Hyde Park and roamed the streets singing cowboy ballads, then finally sold a script for £1,000 and returned to Hollywood, where a few years later he found his true vocation as a director.

The day Huston sold his script in London, he celebrated in characteristic style. Marching into a luxury hotel in Park Lane, he called the manager and pointed to the park bench which had been his bed for the previous four months.

"I want a suite," said Huston, "overlooking that bench."

THE END

This fine May morning the entire population of Lensham assembled on the green. Cameramen were there . . . reporters stood below. And Sir Hubert

Miracle at Lensham

One man made a pilgrimage to the village that bore his name. And suddenly the country went gloriously mad . . . **by RICHARD DIMBLEBY**

DIANA LENSHAM-COOKE was walking her horse through driving rain. There were times, as now, when Dartmoor lay in the grip of rain and cloud, when she wondered why she ever had left South Africa. She could picture the deep blue sky, the soft warm breeze and the gleaming sea that she had left behind two years before. Life had been easy and full of amusement until the car accident that had killed her father and mother and left her dazed at the roadside.

Two years ago, she had made the decision to leave South Africa and live in England with Uncle Hubert, and she did not regret it—even now, when the cold rain trickled down inside the collar of her raincoat.

In those two years she had fallen under the spell of Lensham Park, loving the sense of history in its huge rooms and the living link that seemed to stretch back into earlier centuries. She had many responsibilities, not least those of acting as hostess for Uncle Hubert—Admiral Sir Hubert Spencer Nelson Lensham-Cooke, Royal Navy (retd.)—and fulfilling the many duties in the village which her position at the big house brought with it.

Diana frowned at the rain and eased the velvet cap on her red hair. Life would be much simpler if only the Lensham-Cookes of the past had left enough money to maintain their estate. As a girl from overseas she did not feel as deeply as her uncle over the necessity for turning the family home into a show-piece, but even that was barely sufficient to balance the books. She knew that the admiral was worried, and his grumbling references to "tax-gatherers" and the folly of government departments gave her a sense of insecurity. The English climate did not help, she thought, and, tiring suddenly of the rain, she gathered the chestnut mare and turned it towards Lensham village.

At that moment a large and streamlined car slid round a bend in the lane, spurting rain water in two fountains from its front wheels. It was moving fast, and Diana reined in her horse sharply, watching indignantly as the driver brought the vehicle to a slithering stop two feet away. There was no room to pass without dismounting and leading Magic along the edge of the ditch, and she did not feel like obliging. She sat still, waiting.

The driver wound down his window. "Sorry," he called. "I didn't expect to meet anyone."

It was a casual apology, she thought, but it turned aside the protest she had intended to make. Besides, there was something familiar

opened the proceedings with a fierce, staccato speech

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

about the face of the man at the wheel, and about his voice with its American twang.

"You should be careful," she said, chidingly. "The roads are all narrow round here."

The driver nodded. "I noticed that. Can you direct me to Lensham?"

He got out as he spoke, and, ignoring the rain, walked up to her. Diana was by no means a regular cinemagoer; in fact, she had not seen a film since her arrival in England. But the man was too familiar, and she had seen him in a hundred newspapers and magazines. She tried to conceal her surprise. "Forgive me, but surely you're Roger Lensham?"

"That's right." He smiled. He was about to ask the girl's name, but thought better of it. No bobby-soxer, this, but a rather dignified young woman. And of some substance, he guessed. The mare was a beauty.

He patted the horse's shining neck, and said: "I've only been over here a few days. Lensham's a sort of namesake of mine and I wanted to see the place."

"I thought film-stars always had professional names."

"Most of them have, but I was christened Roger Lensham. I was born over here. As a matter of fact, my family had a sort of connection with these parts. One of my ancestors was the squire, a long time ago."

Diana looked down at him with sudden interest. "Do your family still live here?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no, there's only me. My father used to tell me we lost the estate three hundred years ago. You know—one of those family muddles. I guess they weren't so fussy in those days. I never saw Lensham when I was a kid, but I made up my mind I'd come back some day." He chuckled. "It's a kind of pilgrimage, really." He paused then: "Say, I'm sorry! I'm blocking the road. If you could direct me to the village I'll back up along here and find somewhere to turn."

"Don't bother," said Diana, and slipped down from the saddle. "I'll lead her past, and you'll see a gate just down the bottom. You can turn there. Take the right fork when you get to the top of the hill. That leads straight to the village."

CAREFULLY, she led Magic along the side of the ditch, and mounted again. A slight feeling of guilt possessed her that she had not revealed her identity, and she turned in the saddle. He was watching her from the side of the car. She said casually: "By the way, my name's Lensham-Cooke. I live at Lensham Park."

Roger looked at her in surprise. "Why, that's the family mansion. I mean . . . that's the house my family were always talking about. I've got pictures of it back in Hollywood." He hesitated, then asked: "Say, do you think I might have a look around, if it's not inconvenient? I'd like to say I'd seen it."

Diana thought of the admiral. What his reaction would be to an American film-star arriving unannounced, she was not sure. For the sake of courtesy she said: "Yes, do. Come in when you've seen the village. The gates are on the far side. Turn left at the church."

Roger nodded. "Left at the church. Okay, and thanks." He watched the girl as she trotted up the lane, and saw her turn on to a bridle-path. He watched her admiringly and thought how well she could ride and how attractive she looked, even in the pouring rain.

The Reverend Mr. Penderley would have been surprised to learn, as he worked on his sermon that morning, that a world-famous film actor was wandering round his church. No more surprised, perhaps, than Roger Lensham himself at finding such a poverty stricken little building. He had heard so much of Lensham as a child, and had thought so much of it since, that he had built up in his imagination the picture of a cosy little village snugly arranged round a cricket green, just like every English village created in Hollywood. And the heart of it all, of course, was the church.

Now here he was, at last, in the church of St. Michael and All Angels. The only sound was that of the rain drumming on the roof and the occasional plop as a few drops gathered under the roof and fell into one of the sexton's buckets. The pews were hard and bare and the wall where the tablets should have been was shedding its flaking coat of white distemper in damp despair.

There did seem to be one stained glass window behind the bare table of the altar, but the day was too dull to decipher its pattern. A solitary

Continued on page 30

Sleeves up for the holidays

Penniless students do almost everything for holidays-with-pay. They go farming—or care for mice and circus elephants

by ANTONY FERRY

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Girls sort fruit at a jam factory. Behind them, Bill Murray (right), the students' organizer, discusses the work situation

Students picking strawberries. A Finnish couple spent their honeymoon in Britain doing this work at an N.U.S. farm camp

WHEN the owner of a Manchester canning firm recently found that lorry-loads of ripe fruit were arriving faster than he could process them, he telephoned Bill Murray, a young Scot who runs the vacation work department of the National Union of Students in London.

Murray quickly found fifty students who were eager to work in the factory, and he saw them on to the Manchester train. When he returned to his office in Bloomsbury he found a telegram from the canning firm.

"Situation too risky," it read. "Have hired casual labour from local sources. Sorry."

No stranger to this kind of predicament, Murray got his Manchester representative—one of the many "work secretaries" scattered in colleges and universities throughout the British Isles—to redirect the students to the leading farmer supplying fruit to the canning firm. He then wired the farmer a terse, inspired message: "Your fifty fruit-pickers are on the way."

Murray guessed correctly that the farmer would be too hard-pressed to bother about explanations. The students were put to work immediately on arrival.

"When your labour force is made up of penniless students whose sole working capital consists of a pair of overalls and a railway ticket, then some sort of crisis is always in the making," Murray says.

Last year about ten per cent of the 80,000 students who attended colleges and universities affiliated to the N.U.S. found that they could not afford to meet the expenses of the long vacation from June to October. A growing number regularly count on Murray to direct them to part-time jobs.

With his network of work secretaries, Murray finds employment—ranging from three hours' work to three months'—for about 8,500 students every year. His methods are encouraged by those industries that depend on seasonal labour, and his department has been given full status as an employment agency. In addition, the department helps to find farm work for about two thousand foreign students who come to Britain every year for a cheap holiday.

Not long ago, Murray set about finding jobs for a hundred Scandinavians who wanted to charter cheap students' flights to work for three weeks in England. He arranged that their arrival should coincide with the opening of a summer farm camp in the Wisbech area, one of twelve camps which the N.U.S. operates every year.

After everything had been agreed, Murray remained characteristically suspicious that something might go wrong. Before the students arrived, rumours of a possible drought had him worried. Then the farmers finally decided to have the work postponed.

But Murray had no qualms about having a hundred dependent aliens picketing his office. He had spent the previous week selecting a hundred separate vacancies, and a few days after the Scandinavians had arrived they were scattered from Worthing to the north of Scotland.

One of them spent most of his holiday looking after a sick circus elephant.

THE problem of finding seasonal employment is eased by the fact that many firms depend entirely on student help during peak production. Murray favours those with a good employment record.

One of them, a fruit juice manufacturer, called for two hundred students at a time last year when labour was scarce. By issuing a special bulletin to every university, however, Murray met the demand.

Shortly after the students' arrival, production was curtailed because the fruit was late in ripening, and the students were idle for a week. Anxious to maintain its reputation as a leading employer of students, the board of directors voted to have £1,300 distributed as wages to

keep the students until production picked up again.

Throughout the year the N.U.S. sends a weekly bulletin to its 80,000 members. This lists all available jobs by code number.

Replies pour into Murray's office at the rate of 250 to 300 a day: they remain unopened for four or five days to give applicants all over the country an equal chance.

MURRAY prunes unqualified applications and then lets the employer himself do the selecting. A student who is chosen for a farm job then pays the N.U.S. a registration fee of 12s. 6d. Canning work, for which a student can earn as much as £14 a week, with £2 deducted for board and lodging, is offered for an initial fee of 12s., while a casual job as a beach photographer, part-time bus conductor or cook costs an applicant 7s. 6d.

The department is self-supporting and operates on an annual budget of about £5,000, earned entirely from these registration fees.

Although work comes under the three categories of farming, canning, and casual employment, the variety is endless and the appeal of some jobs is irresistible, Murray says.

Many students queue outside the office, waiting for new bulletins to be posted up, and newcomers hopefully go through the files, pausing to consider a typewritten card which says:

"Gravediggers needed. Short hours but vigorous work. Minimum of £4 per week."

Foreign jobs have their attraction, for they often amount to a holiday with pay. An hotel in Majorca recently wired a request for an English student to meet incoming guests at the island's airport. The hotel offered return fare, a luxury room and board, and vouched for the generosity of its clients in tipping.

One student who came to Murray looking for an exciting job was sent to help with a forestry and land-clearance scheme in Finland. Midway through the summer he grew restless and went on a walking tour.

He nonchalantly crossed the Russian frontier and was arrested half a mile inside the border. There he was blindfolded and taken inland, where he was questioned for days on suspicion of espionage.

The student was returned to England a few weeks before term-time.

The less adventurous students settle for jobs as beach photographers, candy-floss makers, and street canvassers working on national surveys.

About one in ten applications come from women.

They are usually employed either as waitresses or salesgirls. One shy young woman lost four sales jobs because of her quiet personality. Murray then got her happily settled for the rest of the summer minding mice in a research laboratory.

Scores of West Indian students come to the N.U.S. between terms because of the union's known opposition to any form of discrimination. Coloured students are often specially requested for work in coffee bars as waiters.

Some students who refuse strenuous work and don't particularly need gainful employment are sent to the Common Cold Research unit at Salisbury—"Five shillings a day pocket-money, excellent food, free newspapers and a radio set."

Agriculture is the biggest employer of student labour.

The twelve N.U.S. farm camps are scattered over Essex, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Warwickshire from June to mid-November. They are self-supporting. Equipment and buildings are supplied by the farmers who regularly call on student labour. Almost fifty per cent of this labour force is made up of foreign students, who are restricted to working on the land in this country.

Last year Murray found jobs for a young Finnish couple who got married between terms and wanted to spend their honeymoon in England. They spent a month picking strawberries.

Murray or one of his assistants has to meet all foreign students when they arrive in this country. The N.U.S. representative must see that the students' papers are in order and make sure that the foreigners have enough pocket money to last them until he sees them off again.

Murray is frequently roused from his bed at all hours by farm camp organizers needing advice on administrative or other questions. A spell of bad weather resulted in a week of idleness at one camp. Murray had to drive 150 miles in his van to prevent the hundred students there from staging a mutiny.

On the way, he met a group of archaeologists and arranged to have fifty of the students employed excavating. The other fifty stayed on to repair farm camp buildings until the farmers called for them.

"Student farm workers usually come for three weeks," he says. "They are always warned to bring enough money to carry them over because the work can't be guaranteed."

During a work slump the union sometimes has to cut its overheads drastically in order to lower its charges for board and lodging, but it has never lost money on any of its camps. When it is necessary to reduce overheads at a camp, this is achieved by cutting out entertainments, such as dances and coach trips.

Murray has worked out a complicated system for evacuating all the farm camps on any given morning and having them re-staffed with newcomers by late afternoon.

He knows many thousands of students, English and foreign, and is on first-name terms with many of them.

UNTIL he joined the N.U.S. six years ago he was a student himself. Attending Edinburgh University just after the war, he was well on the way to becoming a doctor when he decided his real interest was social science. While studying, he went to his first farm camp as a worker and a year later became an organizer. By the time he had completed his social science studies, he found he liked student life too much to leave it.

He went on a general tour of Europe, visited farm camps, talked to students, and returned to England in the company of a Persian, a Jew and an Arab. The foreigners went directly to the N.U.S. for part-time jobs. Murray himself took up the post of head of the department, which had become vacant after he had left university.

Now Murray's own holidays consist of a continuous tour of the twelve N.U.S. farm camps. Last year he covered 1,400 miles in one month.

He hears complaints, inspects the tented quarters, and tastes camp cooking. Employers and sometimes even parents hold him responsible for the good behaviour of students.

One girl hitch-hiked to London because she was bored with farm camp life. Her parents angrily ordered Murray to find her. "Fortunately," he says, "she came straight to my office, looking for a city job. I persuaded her to go to another camp." THE END

Students usually spend three weeks at a farm camp. Almost half of them come from overseas

"Home-made" music at a camp. Once, students nearly mutinied when work had to be stopped

"Alex, they will kill you," Winter said. "It's not only your life you'll be throwing away. It's mine, too . . ."

Shadow of the moon

by M. M. KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Winter pleaded, but Alex knew his duty. He must go out into the terror—back to Lunjore

Pushing the bed aside Winter sank to the floor. Where was Alex? . . . Was he alive?

THE rattle of musketry and the boom of guns was a continual reminder to the refugees in the Rose Palace, Lucknow, that they were not the only British in the city. The Residency, not far away, had been under siege since the Indian Mutiny began. . . .

To most of the small group of fugitives the days seemed endless—but not to Winter de Ballesteros. The Rose Palace was her second home. She had been born there.

Her days passed more swiftly for another reason, too—she was in love with Alex Randall. In one way she was glad of Captain Randall's illness: it enabled her to spend a great deal of time with him. Already the horrors following the massacre at Lunjore—where her dissolute husband, Commissioner Conway Barton, had been killed—were fading from her memory.

She, Alex, Lou Cottar, and Lottie English had fled into the jungle. And there poor Lottie had died giving birth to her daughter, Amanda. Childless herself, Lou had tended the baby devotedly through the ordeals that followed.

Finally they had joined another group of English fugitives and reached Lucknow, where Winter's Indian relatives gave them sanctuary. One of these fugitives was a clergyman—and now that they were safe at last the presence of the Reverend Chester Dobbie set Winter thinking along new lines. . . .

She looked at Alex, realizing how deeply she loved him. They had gone through so much together that there was no need for pretensions between them.

Reaching out, she took his hand and held it tightly. "Alex, will you marry me?" she asked.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Days Of Torment

ALEX did not move for an appreciable time, and then he turned slowly and looked up at her. Winter met his gaze steadily, but she found that she was blushing in spite of herself.

"When?" Alex asked.

"Why not now? Mr. Dobbie could marry us."

"Why not now?" Alex repeated. He chuckled and squeezed her hand. "Yes, I'll marry you. I'll marry you now. Go and tell Dobbie I want to see him."

Winter was married that night, in the Rose Palace, by moonlight, with no preparation at all, in a wedding dress that did not even belong to her. Alex wore Mussulman dress, borrowed for the occasion, and managed to keep on his feet only with the assistance of opium and one of the pillars that divided his room from the roof. By the end of the ceremony he was near to collapse and had to be assisted to his bed.

Winter spent her second wedding night, as she had spent her first, in tears and terror. But this time it was on her bridegroom's behalf and not on her own.

Alex's fever lessened towards morning, and he fell asleep at last and did not waken until the sun was hot on the roof.

And then it was Lou Cottar who was with him, standing by one of the pillars in the pavilion, peering through the slats of the bamboo curtain and listening to the crackle of rifle fire and the boom of the guns that had been silent during the past night but had begun again with the dawn.

The beleaguered British forces in Lucknow Residency were grimly facing another day of siege by the mutineers, still waiting for succour from Havelock's army, after the victory at Cawnpore.

Alex dragged himself up and went to stand beside Lou. They could see the smoke from the cannonade hanging like a haze above the roofs and the tree-tops that hid the Residency. He listened, as Lou had listened, and presently said: "How long have we been here? Three weeks—or is it four? It feels like months. It must feel like years to them. Havelock must get through soon. Oh God, if only one could . . . !"

He turned away with a groan and sat down again on the edge of the low charpoy, closed his eyes and leant his aching head against the wall behind it.

After a minute or two he opened his eyes again and frowned at Lou: "What are you doing here at this time of the morning, Lou? Got a sudden fit of the bore with that baby at last?"

"No," said Lou. "I promised your wife that if she'd go to sleep I'd see that you were all right."

Alex lowered himself cautiously back on to the folded *resai* and said: "I feel as though I'd been run into by a siege gun. What happened to—my wife?"

"I rather think she spent the night bathing your fevered brow," said Lou. "I'll fetch you some breakfast."

She left the roof and Alex lay back and thought as coherently as the pain in his head and desperate anxiety over the fate of the Residency garrison would permit.

If only I could get away, he thought. *If only I could get news. How much longer can they hold out? How many of them are there left?*

It was unbearable to lie there and listen to those sounds, knowing what they meant; knowing what it must be like inside the Residency; and to do nothing—nothing!

He was brought a nauseous draught in the course of the afternoon by Rahim, the elderly, silent servant who looked after him. The Begum Sahiba had prepared it, said Rahim. Alex drank it to save argument, and it relieved the pain in his head and eventually sent him to sleep.

Thus, for him, the day that marked the second serious assault on the Residency passed. And the flimsy defences still held.

BUT the hope of relief that the hard-pressed garrison had once expected hourly was receding. Havelock's army, which had crossed the border into Oudh in the last days of July and had subsequently fought and won two battles, had suffered heavy losses in the fighting; and, finding their communications threatened by the Nana Sahib's forces, they had fallen back.

The sound of desultory firing from the direction of the Residency became an integral part of life in the Rose Palace as August dragged out its slow length, and September began. Still the dwindling, dying, fever-racked garrison in the Lucknow Residency held out. Still the torn rags of the Union Jack fluttered defiantly from the flagstaff that had been shot down and replaced so often, and at the cost of so many lives, on the topmost roof of the shattered Residency.

It seemed to the fugitives that they had lived in their hot, cramped quarters in the little pink stucco palace in Lucknow for a lifetime. Day succeeded day with an appalling monotony, and nerves grew ragged and tempers flared. It needed very little to touch off a furious quarrel and an exchange of blows between the men, who passed the greater part of their time shut in together in one small, hot room where the floor space was largely taken up by the cheap string cots on which they sat or lay or slept.

The lack of news from the outside world was the worst affliction. The heat was endurable because of the frequent downpours that roared off the roofs and gutters and drenched the gardens, cooling the hot stone and turning the dust to liquid mud where frogs croaked and

Continued on page 37

"I stood stricken to stone, as if a creature had come to life after millions of years. . . ." A scientist's dramatic story of a fish that startled the world

OLD FOURLEGS

by J. L. B. SMITH

Dr. Smith spent all of Christmas, 1952, phoning for help. He told one man, "Yes it's a fish—of national importance"

IT was Christmas Eve, 1952, and the liner Dunnottar Castle slipped quietly through the morning haze towards the harbour at Durban. Since before dawn my wife and I had been on the bridge, gazing at the shimmering lights of the town as they drew slowly nearer.

I drew a deep breath of contentment, and said: "It's wonderful to be back." For months we had worked in the tropics collecting specimens of rare fish along the East African seaboard. Now we looked forward to visiting old friends before the ship took us on the last stage of our journey home.

We docked at 7 a.m. on a warm South African summer's day, and no sooner was the gangway down than we were beset by visitors.

In mid-morning we were sitting in the lounge when a junior officer came up. "Telegram for you, sir." It bore the red URGENT tab, but I took it absent-mindedly, for it had rained telegrams that morning. I slit it open and read it casually. At first the words had no meaning; then my heart turned right round as I found myself standing, staring excitedly, trying to read the message of dancing letters.

"What's the matter?" my wife asked in alarm.

"Hunt's got a coelacanth," I said.

She moved quickly forward and eagerly read the cable which had been redirected to us from our home at Grahamstown, Cape Province:

REPEAT CABLE JUST RECEIVED HAVE FIVE FOOT SPECIMEN COELACANTH INJECTED FORMALIN HERE KILLED 20TH ADVISE REPLY HUNT DZAOUDZI.

Dzaoudzi. Where on earth was Dzaoudzi? It sounded like Somaliland or some such place. We had never heard of it before.

I turned to a young officer. "Where is Dzaoudzi?" He had never heard of it either. He rushed off to find out while my mind groped in chaos, wondering if this startling news could possibly be true.

Five-foot coelacanth, Hunt. . . . Yes, Hunt would know a coelacanth. *A five-foot coelacanth. . . .* Surely, he was wrong.

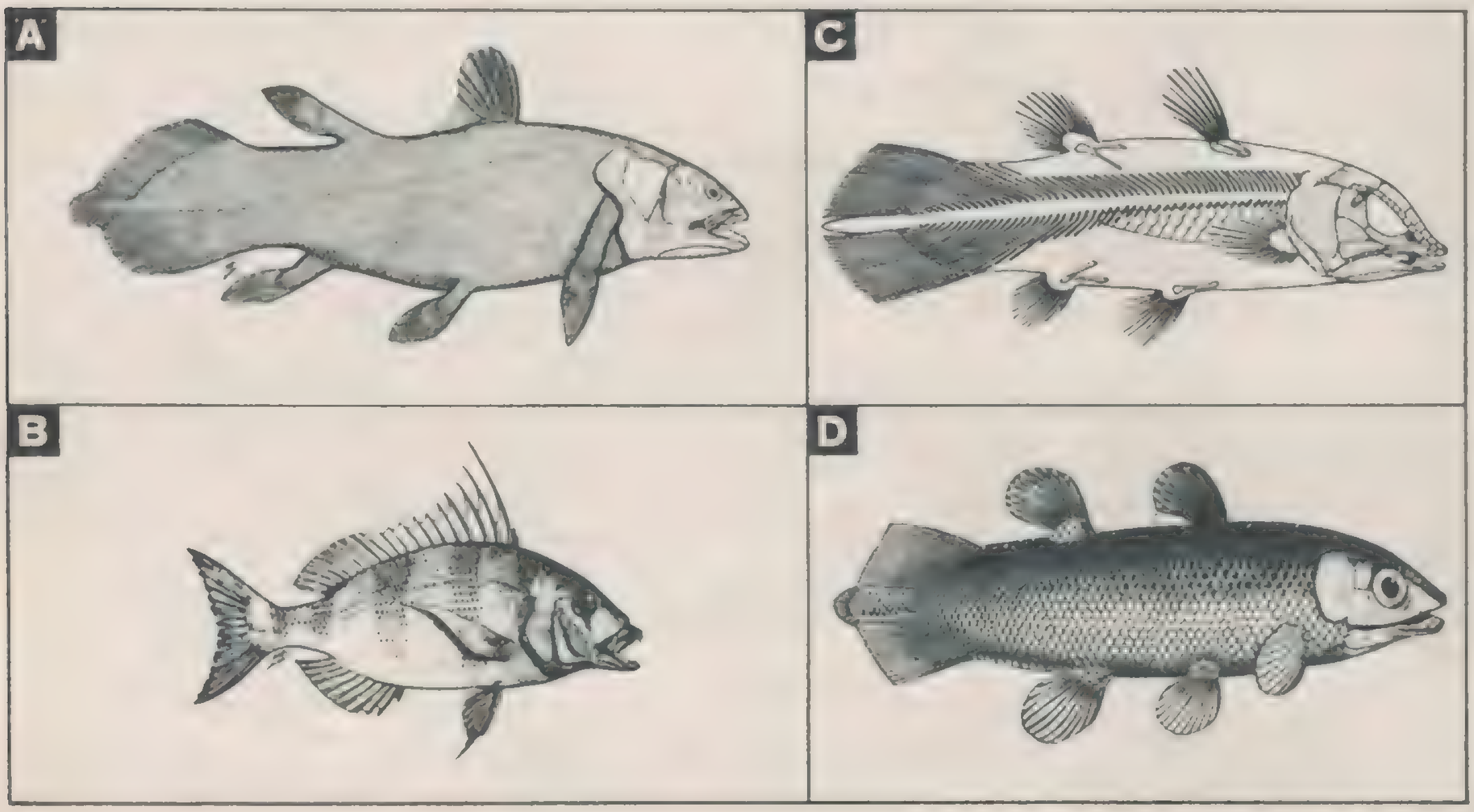
The officer came shooting back. "Dzaoudzi is on a small island called Pamanzi in the Comores, sir."

The Comores! So Hunt had got one in the Comores. Four hundred miles west of northern Madagascar and hot as hell.

My mind ran wildly again. There was no refrigeration on the Comores. *Formalin . . .* how much formalin had Hunt got? Not enough to preserve a five-foot coelacanth. And Dzaoudzi was certainly not the place where you could walk out and buy formalin.

What was the date? *Killed on the twentieth.* Already the fish had been dead four days.

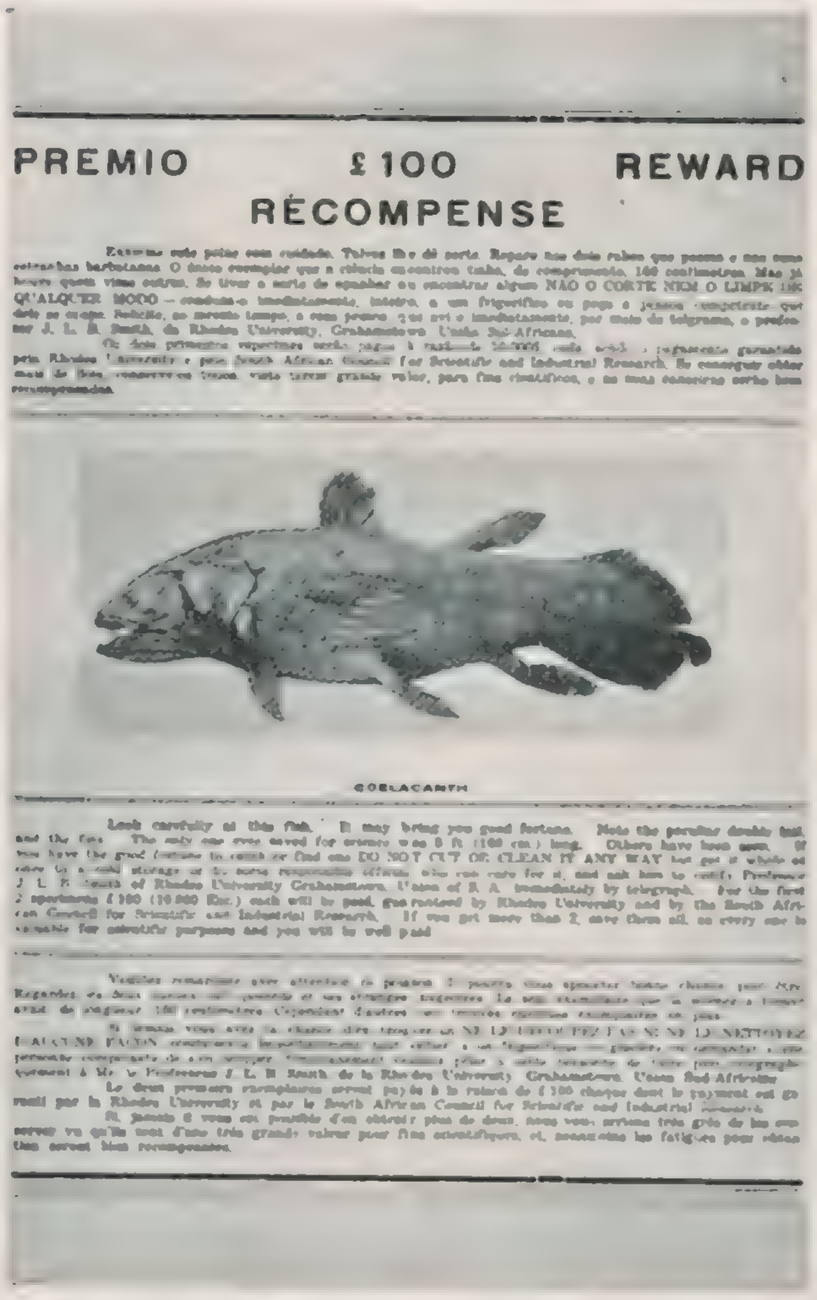
I was too distracted to speak very much. With all these perplexities my mind was slipping about like a rubber boot on a muddy street. For fourteen years—the best years of my life—I had lived, worked and dreamed of little but the coelacanth. I had hunted the shores, fished the seas and searched the most inaccessible waters along the coastline in hopes of getting a perfect specimen. I had spent years of planning, studying and inquiring until at last my work had brought result. And now I felt helpless as my



The coelacanth (A) compared with a modern fish (B). The coelacanth is steel blue, has scales like armour and a spine of gristle. Its limb-like fins indicate that once it probably crawled from water on to land

Fossil remains in rocks (C) show that the coelacanth was once found all over the world. From these remains scientists estimated that the coelacanth first lived three hundred million years ago, and were also able to make a model of the fish (D)

From schooner owner Eric Hunt (right), Dr. Smith received a dramatic cable that another coelacanth had been caught. Later Hunt's vessel was wrecked in a cyclone



Smith distributed leaflets in three languages offering £100 reward for catching a coelacanth

life's one ambition seemed to be slipping away.

Fourteen years . . . my mind went back to that Christmas of 1938, and how the scientific world was startled by the discovery of the first live coelacanth. It was almost as if a dinosaur or some strange creature from the distant past had suddenly ambled into civilization.

For three hundred million years, coelacanths —the word means "hollow spine" and is pronounced "seelakanth"—had lived on this planet, spreading almost everywhere; they were among the first fish to appear in those distant days when life on earth began.

No wonder scientists were shocked when this fantastic fish reappeared. All records had led them to believe that for seventy million years—the mind boggles at such a span—the coelacanth had been extinct. Almost all the creatures that lived seventy million years ago, on land or sea, have vanished. But the coelacanth was tougher, surviving terrific climatic changes and upheavals. Some probably crawled from the swamps on their limb-like fins to live on land.

What is almost as astonishing is that over those vast ages, through thirty million generations, the coelacanth has gone on living almost unchanged.

The effect on me of the discovery of the coelacanth was like a gigantic tidal wave which swept me from my path, held me in its grip, carried me along, and set my feet on a quest that has dominated my life.

We spent that Christmas of 1938 at Knysna, a small seaside resort on the Cape, where I had a house and laboratory on the edge of the lagoon. For many years I had taught chemistry at Rhodes University College in Grahamstown, but my lifelong fascination had been for fishing—and later, for fish.

In my spare time I tracked down the rare fish that lived along our coastline, went out with line boats, endured the miseries of storm-tossed trawlers, walked to remote lighthouses and coastal farms, always talking fish, fish, fish. Before long a stream of treasures came rolling in.

About midday on January 3, 1939, my mail was brought to me from town. It was the usual mixture—seasonal greetings, examination results, and many letters about fishes.

One was from Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, curator of the East London Museum, who often wrote to me. "I had the most queer-looking specimen brought to notice yesterday," she said. "The captain of a trawler told me about it, so I immediately set off to see the specimen, which I had removed to our taxidermist as soon as I could."

I turned the page and saw her sketch. At first I stared in puzzlement, for I did not know any fish of any seas like that; it looked more like a lizard.

SUDDENLY, a bomb seemed to burst in my brain, and beyond that sketch and paper I was looking at a series of fishy creatures that flashed as on a screen, fishes no longer here, fishes of dim ages past and of which often only fragmentary remains are known.

I told myself sternly not to be a fool, but there was something about that sketch that seized on my imagination and told me that this was far beyond the run of fishes of our seas. It was as if my common senses were waging a battle with my perception, and I stared at the sketch, trying to read into it perhaps more than it held.

In the surge of violent thoughts and reactions, the world about me had ceased to exist. I heard my name called—from far away, it seemed—then suddenly again close by, more urgently, more loudly. There was my wife, staring at me across the breakfast table with deep concern on her face. I found to my surprise that I was standing.

"What on earth is the matter?" she asked.

I looked again at the sketch. "Unless I am quite off the rails, Miss Latimer has got something really startling. Don't think me mad, but I believe there is a good chance that it is a fish generally thought to have been extinct for many million years." My wife has said that she did wonder if I had got a touch of the sun, for she knew that I usually weighed every word, and this was quite the most extraordinary thing she had ever heard from my lips.

Fishes from bygone days had always intrigued me, and I tried to think what this could possibly resemble. The sketch was impressionistic and perhaps not a very good representation. But that tail and the clearly large scales and those limb-like fins!

I glanced at the date on the letter—December 23, 1938. Already eleven days had gone. What had happened to this strange fish in the meantime? It had gone to the taxidermist. It would be a miracle if the insides had been preserved. I knew that I had to act quickly.

Knysna is 350 miles from East London, and in those days the telephone service was not what it is today. I could not get through to Miss Latimer, so I sent her a telegram:

MOST IMPORTANT PRESERVE SKELETON AND GILLS FISH DESCRIBED

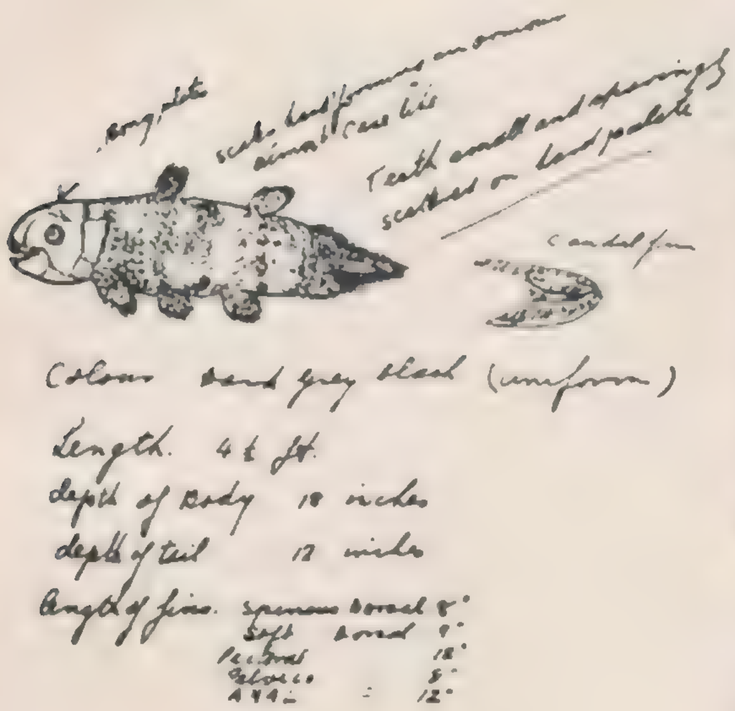
When the telephone exchange opened in the morning I tried to put through a call. I had to wait three hours. Eventually, I reached Miss Latimer, and my fears were realized—the insides had been thrown away with the municipal rubbish cart.

Miss Latimer could feel the agony in my voice; but I had no blame for her. No one but an expert could have known what I suspected, and even I was not yet sure.

I asked her to find out at once where the municipal rubbish carts dumped their loads, because it could probably be worked out where those remains lay. I had already decided in my mind that I might be able to get a plane to take me there, so that I could scratch on the dump for them.

The next day I telephoned again. Miss Latimer told me that all rubbish collected by East London's municipal carts was dumped out at sea. So that was that. I could do no more about those insides. They were gone beyond recall. This was my first taste of the many

For years after the first coelacanth was caught, Dr. Smith searched frantically to find another. With his wife he made trips to the wildest parts of the coast



Colour dark grey blue (uniform)
Length 4 ft.
depth of body 10 inches
depth of tail 12 inches
Angle of fins spinous dorsal 8°
Soft dorsal 9°
Pectoral 18°
Ventral 5°
Anal 12°

A letter and diagram from Miss Courtenay-Latimer told Dr. Smith that a strange fish had been caught. Then, Smith startled scientists everywhere by identifying it as a fish that was believed to have been dead for seventy million years

frustrations that the coelacanth was to bring.

I recollect that I asked the post office how much that call would be, and when I told the shopman and paid him, they were all plainly astounded that anyone should be prepared to pay out so much for a telephone call about the insides of a fish. You may be sure that they had heard everything.

My worries carried me along, my mind was in a chaotic state. Was this a prehistoric relic? If it was the loss of the insides was a first-class tragedy. First of all, of course, I had to make sure what this thing was. All the greatest authorities in the world would be prepared to swear that all coelacanth fishes had died out fifty or seventy million years ago. Yet here was I with my limited knowledge of fish imagining that for all that time the coelacanth had been alive, unknown to modern civilized man. From almost every aspect it seemed impossible. The answer must be "No;" yet every time I looked at that sketch, it said, "Yes," emphatically "Yes."

As soon as I could, I left with my wife for East London. There was nothing easy about this, for we had travelled in continuous heavy rain and were fortunate to reach Grahamstown, since by that time floods had rendered almost all roads impassable. Drifts and slippery mud made motoring in South Africa no light undertaking in those days. We had to wait a whole week before the roads to East London became usable.

On arriving, we went straight to the museum. Miss Latimer was out, but the caretaker ushered us into the inner room—and there it was, a coelacanth; a coelacanth for certain.

I HAD come prepared for a shock, but that first sight hit me like a white hot blast and made me feel shaky and weak. My body tingled, and I stood stricken to stone. There was no shadow of doubt; scale by scale, bone by bone, fin by fin, it was a true coelacanth. It could have been one of those creatures of millions of years ago come alive again. It was a discovery that would shock scientists all over the world.

I forgot everything else and just looked and looked, and then almost fearfully went close up and touched and stroked it while my wife watched in silence.

Miss Latimer came in and greeted us warmly. It was only then that speech came back; the exact words I have forgotten, but it was to tell her that it was true, unquestionably true. She had discovered a coelacanth, and not even I could doubt it any more.

The fish had been caught by a trawler off the Chalumna River mouth westwards of East London. It was five feet long, weighed 127 lb. and was bright blue when landed. When the skipper, Captain Goosen, saw it among the catch he ordered immediately that it should be saved for Miss Latimer to see.

It was a peculiar creature, like nothing she had ever seen before, and she stared at it in puzzlement for some time and examined its mouth and fins.

She asked an old trawlerman if he had ever seen one before, but he replied that in his thirty years at sea he had certainly never seen any fish of that kind. He pointed out that the fins looked almost like arms.

According to Miss Latimer, she had considerable difficulty in persuading a taximan to consent to having the fish in his taxi, even though she had taken along old bags to put on the floor. The taximan was so reluctant that he stood aloof and distant while she and a native struggled and wrestled to get the creature into the vehicle.

One may sympathize with the taximan, while smiling at the incongruity, refusing to transport what was the most valuable zoological specimen in the world, though no one knew so at the time.

The first full account of the discovery of the coelacanth did not appear in the South African press until February, 1939. At East London

A great new HERCULE POIROT novel

DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

A mysterious phone call from Devon sends the famous Belgian detective hurrying to lonely Nasse House. A murder has been arranged . . . a garden fête murder game that ends in tragedy. It introduces Poirot to the most baffling people and clues of his career

SIR GEORGE STUBBS

At his beautiful country mansion, his guests play a dramatic game with death

HATTIE

Sir George's attractive and secretive wife lives in a quaint world of her own

MICHAEL WEYMAN

A brusque young architect with a roving eye . . . did he have a design for murder?

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

there was, in addition, an announcement that the fish would be on public view for two days.

We were early at the museum, and all morning long lines of curious sightseers thronged the grounds and filed past this strange creature, so roped off that it could not be touched; at my special request it was also kept under constant guard.

My wife and I returned to Grahamstown, where I was teaching, and the fish was brought to me by a police guard. It was taken to my house, and put into a special room. It had a curious, powerful and penetrating odour that in the coming weeks was to pervade our lives.

From the start the family was rigidly drilled and kept alert. The house was never left empty, night or day, and in case of fire my orders were that the fish was to be the first thing saved.

The story got out to the world's press, which published some fantastic accounts. A government scientist called to see me at the college. He put his hands on my shoulders, and said earnestly, "Doc, what has made you do this thing? It is terrible to see you ruin all your scientific reputation in this way."

He told me he had been talking to another well-known scientist who had said that I was crazy to call the fish a coelacanth.

I told him that it was a coelacanth. He shook his head in sorrow. "No, man," he said. "I have just been talking to an expert. It is only a Rock Cod with a mutilated and regenerated tail."

Cables, telegrams and letters had almost drowned us, and soon the overseas correspondence developed into a flood. All scientists were frantic for information. It was an incredible time for both my wife and me.

I carried out a further detailed examination of the fish and sent an outline description of the creature and a photograph to *Nature* in London. If anyone anywhere had any doubts, that article killed them. There never were any more. Meanwhile, for the scientific world, I had to

Continued on page 39

THE UNWILLING HEIR

Harvey had it all planned—a big job, big money, for his son. But this was intolerable . . . the boy had a mind of his own

by N. J. CRISP

As the internal telephone gave an impersonal buzz, Harvey leaned over and flicked a switch. His secretary's voice said: "Mr. Jarvis to see you sir." When the door of his office opened, Harvey rose and walked round his desk, hand outstretched.

Jarvis took it in a firm grip, and Harvey clapped him on the shoulder. He said: "Good to see you, Fred. Sit down."

Jarvis sat on the edge of an armchair, and Harvey went to a cabinet and opened it. He said over his shoulder: "Do you still drink Scotch, Fred?"

"On special occasions."

"This is a special occasion."

He came back with two large glasses, and pushed one into Jarvis's large, capable-looking hand. With a faint sense of wonder, he studied Jarvis. There was so little change that he could see. His blue suit, well-tailored these days, still hung on him awkwardly, as if he would be happier in overalls. The unruly mop of hair was still as thick as ever, though now it was grey instead of black. The lines in the strong face were perhaps a little deeper. But . . . twenty-five years? It didn't seem possible.

Jarvis said, echoing his thoughts: "It doesn't seem like twenty-five years."

Harvey said: "I can't persuade you to change your mind, Fred?"

Jarvis shook his head slowly. "I've had a good innings. I fancy a little place in the country, now, with a bit of land. Have a few years' peace and quiet, with no worries. Besides, I'm sixty-five, I'm getting on. Time I made way for a younger man." He grinned. "And a better one."

"I shall never have a better one." Harvey raised his glass. "Here's to a happy retirement."

"Thanks."

They drank, watching each other affectionately. Then Harvey pushed a box across the desk. "Have a cigar."

With due ceremony, they lit up, and when wreaths of blue smoke were ascending towards the ceiling Harvey said: "There'll be the dinner tomorrow night, of course. Speeches, presentation and all that. But I wanted to say goodbye personally, and perhaps have a bit of a talk. Like we used to."

Jarvis nodded. "I appreciate that."

"You were the first man that ever worked for me," Harvey mused. "My first foreman. The only works manager I've ever had. We've grown—my word, how we've grown." He waved his hand. "Ten acres here, and the new extension going up in Green Road. But I sometimes wonder, Fred"—he glanced at Jarvis, almost shyly—"I wonder if you ought not to have been in a bigger job by now."

"You think I've been hankering after a seat on the board of directors?"

"Have you?"

Jarvis grinned. "When I first came to work for you, your premises consisted of a tin shed, remember? When you got up to ten men, we moved into a converted warehouse. You made me foreman. Three quid a week. I thought I was in clover. Now I'm retiring on a four-figure pension. I've no complaint."

"But just the same——"

Jarvis held out his big hands. "Look at them. They're a workman's hands. I belong on the floor. I'm happy there. You've been a good man to work for, and that's all I've wanted. A good job. Don't make the mistake of thinking that my ambitions have been the same as yours."

Harvey was relieved. He said: "I shall miss you, Fred. You're the only one who ever talks back to me these days."

A brief silence fell then until Jarvis said casually: "Have you made up your mind about the new appointments?"

"I shall promote your assistant, of course. What's his name? Young Burley."

"Who'll take his place?"

"I—I'm not quite sure."

"There's a young fellow called Masters who's been doing very well. I think he could handle it."

"I'll bear him in mind."

"He's been with us twelve years. Started as an apprentice."

"I said I'll bear him in mind," Harvey snapped.

Jarvis said softly: "I'm sure you will."

HARVEY found the ensuing silence a trifle embarrassing, and he was searching for something to say when Jarvis leaned forward. "When is young Peter coming into the business?" he asked.

Harvey said guardedly: "Very soon."

"You'll be glad, won't you?"

"Of course." The mention of Peter sent his thoughts along the road he loved most.

Jarvis said: "When is he coming out of the army?"

"He's out now. We're expecting him home tonight—with his fiancée."

"You mean he's going to be married?" Jarvis asked, in genuine astonishment. "Last time I saw him he had a school cap on."

Harvey chuckled. "He's twenty-four, you know. He was at Cambridge three years, and then he's been in the army. Did well too."

"And now he's going to take over the family business?" inquired Jarvis.

Harvey laughed. "Well, not quite yet. Give the boy a chance to get the hang of things." He stretched comfortably. "Mind you, it will be good to have him with me. I've waited a long time to have my son in the business."

Jarvis watched Harvey with narrowed eyes. He said slowly: "Do you know, I think I've been doing you an injustice. I've always wondered what drove you on. I thought it was power—but it's your boy, isn't it? You've worked for the day you can bring Peter in."

Harvey nodded, almost reluctantly, and said

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Harvey looked at Peter, installed with his girl on the drawing-room settee, and found it hard to believe that the boy had been away

Conroy, immaculately dressed, made an odd figure among the roaring machines. He listened intently as Masters explained the complicated processes

in a low voice: "I must say that I feel as if I've reached the end of a long, hard road."

Jarvis laughed shortly, without humour. "You've waited too long—done too well."

"What do you mean?" The telephone rang, shrilling above the question. "What do you mean?" Harvey repeated, ignoring it.

The telephone rang again, and Harvey grabbed it. "I thought I told you I wasn't to be disturbed," he barked.

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's Mr. Conroy. He was most insistent, and I thought——"

"Oh. Yes. Put him on." Harvey covered the mouthpiece with his hand. "Sorry, Fred. It's Conroy. You know, the chain-store man that I've been after for a long time."

Jarvis rose. "I'll be getting along."

"No, wait. I want to know what you were talking about."

"We shall fall out."

"We've never done that."

"No. Because you've always been the boss. All right. It's just as well I'm not on your board of directors. If I were, you'd have at least one vote against you when you suggest installing young Peter as assistant works manager."

"I never said that I was going to——"

"Young Peter's a good lad, no doubt," Jarvis continued, ignoring him. "But Masters, the young fellow I was telling you about, has far more right to the job than he has."

"I think I've a right to choose my own executives, Fred."

"Not any more. You've grown too big. Too many people have built this firm. You've a duty to provide for your family, but you've also a duty to those men, without whom you couldn't have done a thing. Men like Masters."

Jarvis went to the door and opened it. He grinned wryly over his shoulder. "Sorry, Phillip," he said apologetically. "I haven't blown my top like that since the day you wanted to make me into a salesman. Didn't mean to say anything today, but"—he shrugged—"I've worked with Masters. He's good."

Harvey was waving his hand, and saying: "Come back here, Fred," when he became aware of an irascible squawk in his ear. "Just a minute," he said hurriedly into the mouthpiece.

The squawk grew into an irritated roar. "Is that Harvey? Put me through to Harvey! What the hell's going on there!"

The door shut behind Jarvis, and Harvey sat down and uncovered the mouthpiece. "Sorry, Conroy. We were cut off."

"Look, Harvey," Conroy said, "I've had that provisional quotation of yours. It looks very fine on paper, though your prices are a trifle high. We'll come to that later. I'm more concerned about your production capacity. I've got more than three hundred stores to worry about. I doubt if you can handle deliveries on that scale."

"With the new extension we've got going up, our potential output is——"

"I know all that," Conroy interrupted brusquely. "That's just paper talk. Lots of men can draft a good letter. I want to see something more concrete than words."

"There's a solution to that. Come and look us over. Bring your technical advisers. Talk to anyone you like. We've nothing to hide."

"Good God, man!" Conroy exploded in a splutter of crackling. "Do you think I've nothing else better to do than amble round visiting provincial manufacturers."

Harvey grinned sardonically into the telephone, and settled himself comfortably for the ensuing argument. He had no doubt of the outcome. . . .

It was amazing, Harvey thought later that day, how quickly you got used to a thing. There was such excitement when Peter arrived home, bringing Carol with him. But, with the introductions, the handshakings, the excitement of

the return over, Harvey looked at his son, installed with his girl on the drawing-room settee, and found it difficult to believe that Peter had ever been away.

He was bigger, perhaps, more tanned, more mature. Better-looking, too? Harvey chuckled reprovingly to himself. When your boy became a man, you really shouldn't continue with your old possessive habits of thought.

"How was it in Malaya, Peter?" he asked. He already knew, because Peter had told him. He said it mostly for the pleasure of contrasting the memory of Peter absent in Malaya with the reality of Peter here and now.

Peter shrugged. "Quite pleasant, really. It was quiet enough. The other chaps had done all the work."

"Then why did you get mentioned in dispatches?"

"For passing the port to the brigadier."

Mary Harvey, ignoring this male foolishness, said: "Peter, Carol tells me she has to go home tonight. I hope you can persuade her to come again soon and stay with us for a while."

"I'd love to, Mrs. Harvey," Carol said.

"Of course, Mother," Peter said. He smiled at Carol. "I'll telephone you tomorrow afternoon, darling. That will give you time to sort out your engagement book and fix a nice long free week to come and stay with us."

Late in the evening, after Peter had put Carol on to her train for Oxford, Harvey raised the question of marriage. "Have you made any definite plans, Peter?"

"We haven't fixed a date yet. It may be rather a long way off." Peter took a deep breath as if he were about to dive under water. "Perhaps years. You see, it's a question of money."

Harvey frowned, puzzled. "How's that? Aren't you going to start work?"

"Yes. As soon as possible."

"Well, then?"

"I don't think we're talking about the same thing."

Uneasy doubts began to trouble Harvey. He said: "I know what *I'm* talking about. There's a job waiting for you at the factory. A senior appointment, as a matter of fact. It's just a question of getting it past the board, but that's a formality. The salary won't be huge, but it can be well over four figures. Do you need more than that to get married on?"

"No, but . . . I want to go to London. To study law."

"Law!"

"Yes."

Harvey sat up straight, and said deliberately: "There's a great deal I don't know. Suppose you tell me."

"There's not so much to tell. I became interested in it at university. Then in the army every officer is supposed to know something about army law. I learned the lot. Everything from regulations to courts martial.

"I've thought about it for a long time. I know how big the business is now, but I don't think I'm a business man. So I've got myself admitted to the Inner Temple. I want to read for the Bar."

"But, good God, boy, it'll be five years—more—before you can earn a living!"

Mrs. Harvey said diplomatically: "I think I'll go and see about the coffee. Do you feel like some?"

Peter smiled and said: "Please, Mother."

Harvey grunted. When she had gone, he said: "You realize what a blow this is to me?"

Peter avoided his eyes. "I hoped we could agree."

Harvey looked at his son. "Before you were born," he said gently, "I swore that no son of mine should have to grow up as I did, poor and dirty. I wasn't content to work for another man. I built this business with my bare hands, so that we could all have some of the good things in life."

"I appreciate that, Father," Peter said, uncomfortably.

"I could have stopped long ago. There was sufficient for your mother and me. But I had you to consider. I wanted to make certain that there was something big for you to carry on with, something that would give you and your own wife and children a thing that I've never had until these last few years. I mean security and a good life."

HARVEY noticed that Peter was biting his lip and looking uncertain. He changed direction, and went on: "We're not getting any younger, your mother and I. It would be good to know that if anything happened to me there was someone there to carry on."

With a worried expression, Peter lit a cigarette.

Harvey relaxed the pressure. "Naturally," he said, in the tone of one with an open mind, "you must do whatever you think best." He sighed. "I expect we should manage, somehow. But there's no hurry, is there? Postpone your decision for a month. Come to the factory for that length of time. See what it's like before making up your mind. I think that would be fair." He added slowly: "To both of us."

"Well. . ." Peter began.

Harvey only listened with part of his mind. There was only one object in argument, as in war—to force your opponent to change his mind. This would go on for a long time yet, but there was little doubt of the result.

At breakfast next morning, Harvey asked his wife: "Where's Peter?"

"You were up talking so late last night, that I said he wasn't to be called yet." She added quietly: "What happened?"

"We compromised. He's going to come into the business for a month before making up his mind."

"What you mean is that you compromised on your terms."

Harvey stared at Mary in some surprise.

She pushed his tea towards him. She said: "You're wrong, Phillip, you know that, don't you?"

Harvey said stiffly: "I don't think you quite understand the issue."

"I understand that you're preventing Peter from doing what he thinks is right."

Harvey began to eat his eggs and bacon. "Come, now," he said between mouthfuls, "that's rather strong. He's merely taking a month to think things over."

"You know perfectly well that, once he starts at the factory, he'll never leave."

Harvey suddenly didn't want any more breakfast, and pushed his plate away.

"Mary," he said urgently, lighting his pipe, knowing that it was important to convince her, "when you first knew me I was just a labourer. But I had a vision, a dream of something better for my family. I had to pinch and scrape and deny to start on my own. For years we stayed poor so that the business

Continued on page 28

Mary spoke sternly. "Do stop pretending, Phillip! Peter is too young to realize, now . . . but later he may hate you"

Sir Leslie boosts the fun of the fair

by KEITH ELLIS ,

He works for other people's pleasure, and he wins fame and fortune by making time his ally. "We like things that charge sixpence for a minute," he says

At Battersea Fun Fair, Sir Leslie Joseph talks with a "Nell Gwyn" orange-seller

Joseph enjoys the Water Chute at Battersea. A trained engineer, he designs himself many of the amusement rides at his fairgrounds

RICHARD STOKES was baffled. The Festival Gardens for which he was responsible as Minister of Works would open at least a month late. Appalling weather, labour troubles and organization problems had turned Battersea Park into what one newspaper called "Morrison's Mudlark." As a last resort, Stokes appointed as managing director a hustling Welshman called Major Herbert Leslie Joseph.

One of the two directors whom the government had asked the amusement trade to provide, Joseph immediately instituted what he calls a "chase-up on bodies." At a conference of heads of departments, he went through the complete pay-roll asking precisely what each man did. "We discovered," he recalls, "a man whom nobody had heard of." The cashier put a slip in the man's pay-packet, asking him to call at the office, but he failed to do so.

"When he collects his pay next week," ordered Joseph, "grab him."

For the next two weeks, the man failed to collect his pay but, surprisingly, he still clocked on. "Stand someone by the clock and, the moment he touches his card, get hold of him," ordered Joseph.

The next day a sheepish-looking man was dragged into his office.

"What are you anyway?" asked Joseph.

"Sir," he replied, "I'm a bridge-greaser."

Mystified, Joseph asked: "What is a bridge-greaser?"

The man explained that he had been hired by a contractor to grease the pivots of the Bailey Bridge sections when they were being placed in position to form a riverside pier. After finishing the job, the contractor had signed him over to the Festival Gardens with the rest of his men. For months, he had been virtually unemployed while drawing his full pay. "I jolly soon found *him* a job," says Joseph.

By firing slackers, hiring extra staff where needed and working straight through the night, Joseph had the Gardens ready at a time that had been thought impossible. Eight million people—two million more than the original estimate—visited the Gardens and, by progressively reducing costs, he finished the season with an operating profit of £800,000. The government expressed its appreciation by knighting him.

Today, at forty-nine, Joseph is managing director of the company which now operates Battersea Fun Fair and, when the shareholders formally approve, will shortly become managing director of Belle Vue Pleasure Gardens, Manchester. He is also managing director of Coney Beach, Porthcawl (of which he was general manager at eighteen), and a director of so many companies in South Wales that, he says, he has forgotten the exact number.

They include a chain of dress shops, a local newspaper chain, property companies, a building company which is playing a major part in the rebuilding of Swansea, and a two-hundred-acre holiday camp with full facilities for 1,200 caravans. He also owns the deck-chair rights throughout Porthcawl.

Stocky and broad-shouldered, with flattened brown hair and thickening features, he still runs his affairs with the direct methods of the boss of a small, family business. Worrying, pushing, for ever investigating, he is never able to leave to his executives a problem he can deal with himself.

When a fire destroyed the sub-station which provides power for Coney Beach, the chief electrician told him that it would be impossible to get the rides working in time for the next day. Joseph snapped: "Nonsense!" and pulled on a pair of overalls.

"He called in fourteen electricians from Porthcawl and Cardiff," says his supervisor, Bill Bryant, "and worked all through the night. By next morning, we'd renewed all the main cables and opened on time."

Not the slightest detail escapes him—he even checks on litter himself. Once he had a newly decorated dance hall completely repainted because the blue was two shades too dark. Some years ago, he needed stones to decorate the flower beds round the boating pool. "The local grey limestone was too cold," he says, "so I got a geological map of South Wales and looked for an alternative." Finding that a warm, brown stone started twenty miles away in the mining valleys, he took out a lorry and brought back a load. "He's a finicky herb," says his father, Ernest Joseph.

DRIVING himself remorselessly to keep abreast of his work, he spends the first three days of each week at Porthcawl and the rest of his time in Cardiff, Swansea or London. At short notice he is liable to take brief trips to Cornwall, Paris or Scandinavia to look for new rides for his amusement parks. "His work is his whole life," says Bryant.

Recently, a friend happened to mention that record high tides were expected at Porthcawl this month. Early the next day—a Sunday—Joseph drove to his caravan camp which adjoins Porthcawl beach and asked the manager to show him the tide table. "We discovered," he

says, "that there was a tide almost as high the following Wednesday."

It was now 8 a.m. Fearing that an on-shore wind might cause flooding, he rang five of his executives and held a quick conference. He sent one to hire a fleet of lorries, another to buy four thousand sandbags, a third to get a surveyor and the fourth to arrange for deliveries of marl. The works manager was to supervise. "We all thought it impossible to build the defences in time," says one, "but by working night and day we finished them by the Wednesday morning." Ironically, the tide failed to rise as high as the table had predicted.

Joseph is a trained engineer and designs many of his fairground rides himself. He has converted one room of his house into a drawing-office and often works until two or three in the morning. For the World Cruise, in which small boats pass through scenery representing various cities, he went to the South Kensington Science Museum for advice on the hydraulic problems involved and on the scoop-wheels which drive the water. "Unlike many engineers," says his father, "he has the knack of applying his knowledge commercially."

ONE of the recurrent problems of the amusement business is making sure that operators properly record the money taken on rides. Joseph has specially adapted the Coney Beach cash registers. They not only record the number of fares paid in by the operator; they also work a large indicator which shows the number of fares and the actual cars to which they apply. Though out of the operator's sight, the indicator can be seen from a distance by inspecting officials. By comparing the number of people in a car with the number of fares shown on the indicator for that car, they can discover whether or not the operator has recorded all his takings. "Psychologically," says Joseph, "it's highly effective."

In Battersea, where the rides are worked by concessionaires, he has the reputation of driving a hard bargain. "He knows exactly what each ride will take and fixes the rent accordingly," says one of his officials.

Joseph maintains that he is fair. "Sometimes," he says, "I've asked a man how much he was prepared to pay. He's named a figure which I knew he could not possibly afford. I've said: 'Will you take it for half that?' And when he's agreed, I've let him have it for a quarter. It's no advantage to me to have them broke. They wouldn't come back the following year."

In spite of his brusqueness, his demands that everything be done *now* and his habit of calling in his staff at outlandish hours when necessary, his workers stay with him. He employs a deck-chair attendant of eighty and only recently moved a night watchman of eighty-two to a minor ride. Some of his women cashiers have worked for him every summer for twenty-eight years and there are girls in the catering department whose mothers and grandmothers preceded them.

Educated at the King's School, Canterbury, Herbert Leslie Joseph showed a penchant for engineering in his early teens. He used to spend his holidays working in his father's engineering works at Swansea. He also accompanied his father when he visited collieries to sell mining equipment. One day Ernest Joseph returned from the mines office to the car in which he had left his son. "I calculate," said the fourteen-year-old Leslie, "that this mine is 720 yards deep."

Puzzled, Joseph senior asked: "How?"

"Well, Father, I estimated the diameter of the pit-head wheels, multiplied by *pi*, 3.146, to get the circumference, and multiplied again by the number of revolutions when they were lowering the cage."

At sixteen, he left school and became an apprentice in his father's works, studying at

There are playgrounds for children in "Brighton at Battersea," a new fun fair attraction

Swansea Technical College in the evenings. "Father gave me a few months in each department—the foundry, the fitting shops, electrical engineering shop, the smithy, the stores and the drawing office. He treated me exactly like the other apprentices and even insisted on my taking a workman's bus ticket at a halfpenny instead of a penny. He paid me five shillings a week."

One day Joseph went out with some fitters who were installing generating plant at the newly opened Coney Beach. "I gradually spent more and more time there," he says, "and got interested in the show side." During the winter, he worked in London at an electrical equipment firm owned by his father and studied at Wimbledon Technical College. At eighteen, he became general manager at Coney Beach.

Over the next fifteen years, he transformed it into one of the largest and most up-to-date amusement parks in the country. He replaced the tents with permanent buildings. He put in the company's own rides, maintained—and sometimes constructed—in his own workshops. He developed a building section to provide work for his men in the off-season. Later, it split off as a separate company.

MEANWHILE, he concentrated on attracting people to Coney Beach. To accommodate works outings, he built dining-rooms which could seat three thousand people. He kept prices down so that he broke even on the food, knowing that he would make his profit on the rides. Before the war, the season finished at the end of August. By building a 11,200-seater arena for fireworks displays, Joseph extended it well into October. He has also promoted boxing shows featuring Tommy Farr, Dai Dower, Eddie Thomas, Lee Savold, Roy Ankara and Charles Humez.

Originally, he started the caravan camp purely to provide a clientele for Coney Beach. "At first, we owned ten caravans," he says. "Then I found it was uneconomic. If people bring their own caravans, it doesn't cost us anything to paint or maintain them. The owners *like* doing it." Characteristically, he decided not to resume his bathing machine business after the war, partly because people now undress on the beach, and partly because "we like things that charge sixpence for one minute. Bathing machines cost sixpence for two hours."

Some people think that his brusque and efficient exterior reveals an interior shyness. "He shies off personal publicity," says his father. "He didn't tell me about his Festival Gardens appointment, or of his knighthood."

But Joseph takes a boyish pride in the efficiency of his organization. At the end of a fireworks show at the Porthcawl arena, he remained in his seat looking at his watch. When

Joseph (left) in The Rotor. As it spins, riders are held up by centrifugal force

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

the last of the crowd had left, he turned to his companion and said: "We cleared them in exactly four minutes."

He lives with his wife Irene in their house at Porthcawl. The elder of their two daughters, Mary, will be going up to St. Hilda's, Oxford, next October, after spending a year in Paris. The younger, Christine, is studying for her G.C.E.

When Joseph has free time, he spends it gardening—he knows the botanical names of all his flowers—or watching birds. He keeps a collection of birds' eggs and mounted butterflies in his Coney Beach office.

Until recently, he weighed fifteen stones. Discovering that in his type of work he needed 2,500 calories a day, he cut down to one thousand to lose weight. But at the same time, he arranged his diet so that he would still get a full supply of vitamins and other vital substances.

"I was down to thirteen stones ten pounds in twelve days," he says. "Some people said it was too fast. But I believe in doing things quickly. Besides, I want to be able to nip around and chase things up when I start this Manchester job."

THE END

The unwilling heir

Continued from page 25

could grow. At last, I didn't have a tin shed any more. I had a factory. I fought my way up with my fingers and my brains and my guts."

He waved his pipe. "Is it wrong," he cried, "that I want to hand on what I've created to my son?"

Mary pressed his hand gently. "I'm not angry, my dear," she said, "and I shan't bring this up again. But, just because Peter is your son, it doesn't mean that he's like you, that he wants the things that you do. It's not wrong for you to want him in the business. But it will be wrong for you to force him to stay."

"Force him? Force him?" cried Harvey. "He's a grown man, isn't he? How can I force him?"

For the first time, Mary spoke sternly. She said: "Do stop pretending, Phillip. You're wonderful at twisting people round your little finger. Except me. Peter is too young to realize that yet, but he'll know it in years to come, and he may hate you for it.

"Please, darling, do this the other way round. Let him read for the Bar first. If he finds that he doesn't like it, then let him come into the business."

Peter came into the room looking sleepy, and they fell silent. He said: "Sorry I'm late. I overslept."

Harvey was looking at Mary. Her hair was grey, but with her lovely blue eyes and her perfect skin she was still a beautiful woman.

Her eyes were pleading desperately, and for a moment he wavered. But then he looked at Peter, rubbing his face and yawning, and he could not give away the sheer physical presence of his son.

He stood up and slapped Peter's shoulder. "Hurry up, son," he said. "We ought to be getting on."

Mary shut her eyes tight, and sighed. Harvey said: "Don't worry, my dear. I know what I'm doing. You'll see. . . ."

BUT in the next two weeks Harvey began to have one or two doubts, in spite of himself. Peter was perfectly polite and willing, even interested, but he always seemed to stand apart, like an independent observer. Every attempt that Harvey made to submerge him in some matter of import met with failure, for Peter simply bobbed about on the surface of the business in hand like an inquiring cork.

Harvey harboured high hopes of the impact on Peter of the excitement and drama of Conroy's visit of inspection, and he went to some lengths to impress on Peter how vitally important it was. Peter listened with polite interest. The day before Conroy was due, Harvey went over it again. Peter said: "I hope it won't make any difference, but Carol is arriving at twelve-thirty tomorrow."

Harvey stared.

"I ought to meet her," Peter explained gently.

Harvey waved his hand irritably. "All right. There's no need to worry about that now. I've got some jobs for you to do."

"Right."

"Tell the plant engineer that we'll want some men in early tomorrow to get the factory floor especially clean. We'd better have the temperature up a few degrees—make sure it's good and warm. And see the welfare officer and get something special laid on in the canteen for lunch tomorrow."

Peter nodded as he left the room, and Harvey knew that his instructions would be carried out. On the other hand, his secretary could have done as much.

The telephone rang, and he answered it. Jarvis was calling from the factory gate.

Harvey said: "What are you doing there, Fred? Why not come to the front office? You know you're always welcome."

"I don't want to trouble you. I just wanted your permission to say how-do to one or two of the lads."

"Of course," Harvey said, and added perfunctorily: "Come and see me before you go."

But Jarvis didn't come, and Harvey forgot his invitation in the nervous tension of the preparations.

Next day a slightly apprehensive group assembled in Harvey's office. Peter looked worried, like an actor who couldn't remember his lines. Burley had a number of files under his arm, and every few seconds he consulted one in the apparent hope of cramming further facts into his head. Harvey sat at his desk, seemingly making notes. In fact, he was doodling a magnificent Zulu warrior.

Burley looked up and said: "Don't you think we ought to have Masters in, Mr. Harvey?"

"No," Harvey snapped, irritably, and Burley subsided into his previous silence.

Conroy was due at 9.30. At 9.32, Harvey glanced at his watch, got up and began to pace to and fro. At 9.33, speech burst from him. "Where the hell is he?" he exclaimed. "From what I know of Conroy, he wouldn't be a second late."

At 9.34, he said: "Peter, for heaven's sake ring reception and see if they've bungled things."

Peter moved towards the telephone, but before he could get there it rang. They all started. Harvey grabbed the receiver, and a hoarse whisper said: "Mr. Conroy's here, sir. In the factory. He walked in the works entrance a few minutes ago."

"Blast!" Harvey said, and led the way hurriedly out of the office.

Conroy made an odd figure amid the roar of the machines. Dressed immaculately in city clothes, he carried a shooting stick. Beside him was a figure in a white coat, talking and pointing. Conroy was listening intently.

"Who's he talking to?" Harvey asked.

"That's Masters," Burley said.

Harvey hurried up, apologizing, but Conroy waved his words aside. "Where's your first-aid station?" he shouted above the clatter.

Harvey led the way. With the door of the first-aid room closed behind them, the racket of the machines subsided to a murmur. The nurse summed up the situation at a glance, and shut herself in the dispensary.

"I'm sorry you weren't met properly," Harvey said, shaking hands.

"Didn't want to be met," Conroy grunted.

"Let me introduce you to my staff."

"No," said Conroy.

Harvey was taken aback and Conroy showed no inclination to set him at his ease. "You invited me to inspect your place, Harvey," he said. "You must allow me to do it in my own way."

"Naturally," Harvey said with deep insincerity.

"I'm not interested in formalities—I'm interested in your factory. That's why I came in the works entrance.

"I take it for granted that you, personally, Harvey, know your business. But you can't carry the sort of deliveries that I shall require on your own. You've got to have a team, and a damn good team. That's one of the things I'm here to find out. I don't want to know who anybody is, you understand? I simply want to be free to go anywhere, and talk to anyone."

"Of course," Harvey said, faintly. Then rallying himself with an effort, he asked: "Where did you leave your advisory staff?"

Conroy grinned like an old and wily fox. He said: "I don't trust this job to anybody, Harvey. I shall do it all myself."

Harvey became rather pale. He hadn't foreseen this. He had anticipated half a dozen technical men, who could be led separately to points selected by him. Thereafter, each would go on a prearranged tour. Conroy wouldn't be led anywhere. He was even liable to turn up faults that Harvey didn't know existed.

Conroy's gravelly voice broke in on his thoughts. He said: "I may as well tell you, Harvey, that experience has taught me that your factory is probably cleaner and warmer than usual. Also that the canteen meal has been specially laid on. I propose, therefore, to ignore those points."

Peter broke into a chuckle, which he hurriedly transformed into a choking cough. Conroy stared and then said with a snort: "You'd better leave this one in the first-aid room, Harvey. . . ."

The next two hours were a nightmare to Harvey. Conroy refused to listen to anything he had to say. If he came up to Conroy with some explanation or other, Conroy ostentatiously turned aside and asked the nearest person, irrespective of occupation. Once he said something to Peter. Peter considered the question carefully and then, to Harvey's horror, said: "I'm afraid I haven't the remotest idea."

After this Harvey gave up and trailed miserably behind the little procession while Conroy talked to workmen, foremen, shop stewards, canteen assistants, works police and even, for good measure, the plumbers who were installing a new washroom. He felt helpless, and, for the first time in his life, utterly dependent on those who worked for him.

EVENTUALLY, Conroy led the way, as if by instinct, to Harvey's office, sank into a chair, removed his hat, blew hard, and said: "Good."

The others stood uneasily round him, not sharing his opinion. Harvey had descended into the deepest gloom. He'd seen a safety guard missing, two girls with no protective caps on, a man lighting a cigarette under a NO SMOKING sign. Conroy would certainly have seen them too, though he might overlook them.

But what on earth had happened between one and two bay? There, production flow had completely broken down, and half-finished articles had spilled on to the floor. Conroy would certainly not overlook that.

"Good," Conroy repeated. "Now we can get down to business."

Harvey groaned inwardly and peered around him, seeking help. Burley had left his files somewhere and seemed to miss them. Peter had evidently given up all hope, and was patiently waiting for the next blow.

It took Harvey a second glance to place the last member of the party. It was Masters. He opened his mouth to question his presence, but then closed it. Anyone who might be able to help was welcome.

"I hope," Conroy said, "that you will not now deny that you are unable to meet my requirements at this stage of your development."

Harvey looked at Burley. Burley looked elsewhere. Peter began to whistle. Masters looked interested and said: "I wonder why you say that, sir."

Conroy said: "I need hardly do more than mention the complete breakdown between one and two bays."

Masters said: "I don't suppose Mr. Harvey liked to mention it, sir."

"Mention what?"

"The fact is, sir, that the breakdown was caused by someone who kicked the cable carrying the selection gear when passing through a space clearly marked NO ENTRY."

"What difference does that make? If you employ careless men, that's your look-out."

"I'm afraid it was you, sir," Masters said softly.

Conroy went red, and turned to Harvey. "Is he pulling my leg?" he demanded.

"No," Harvey said, shaking his head, and wondering.

"I'll be back in two minutes," Conroy said, leaving and slamming the door behind him.

Harvey said sharply: "There's no notice like that."

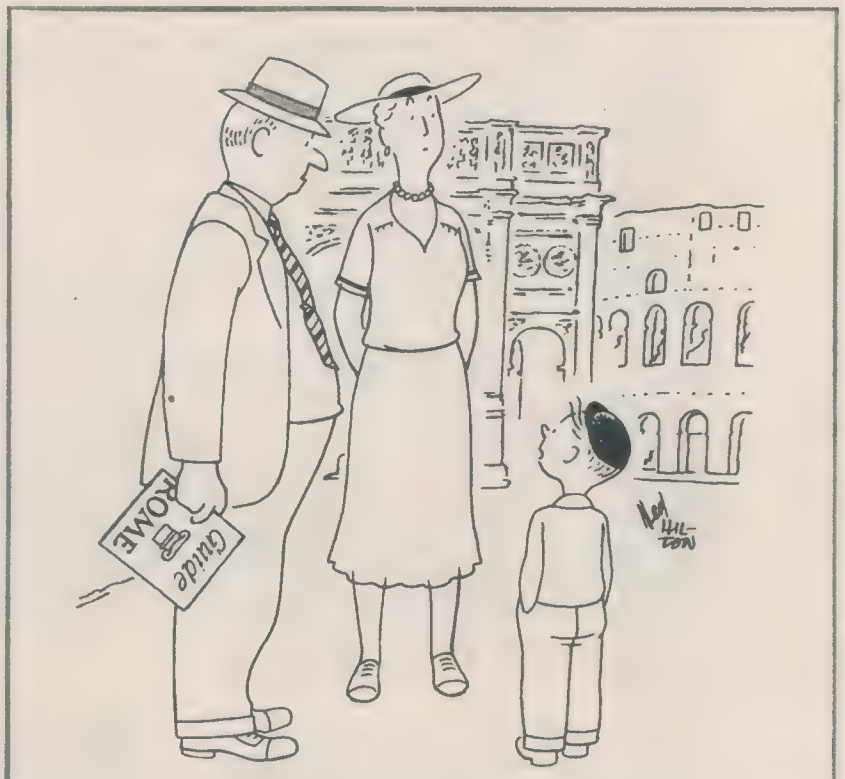
Masters said: "I had one put up yesterday, as Mr. Conroy will find out if he asks the maintenance staff. I must apologize for not telling you before."

Conroy came back, blew his nose, and sat down. "The main thing is, you see," he said as calmly as if nothing had happened, "that I don't believe you can handle the production problems. You've got to show me."

Harvey looked at Burley. This was his problem. Burley did surprisingly well, and Harvey's hopes began to rise. Modestly, yet lucidly and clearly, Burley set out a clear verbal picture, to which Conroy listened approvingly.

"That's all very well," Conroy said at last. "But the real point is, can you produce fifty thousand a month for my stores?"

It was the first time that quantities had been mentioned, which Harvey had been dreading all along. He was certain that 50,000 wasn't the number that Conroy really wanted, but he didn't know whether the real quantity would



"I want to see the place where they threw the grown-ups to the lions"

LIFE—1

There is more to life than increasing its speed.

Mahatma Gandhi

soothe and refresh

be more or less. He did know that they couldn't possibly do 50,000.

"Well . . ." he said.

"Um . . ." said Burley.

"No," said Masters.

Everyone stared at him. "We can't repeat that number month after month," said Masters.

"Now just a minute——" Harvey said nervously.

"Let him have his say," Conroy interrupted.

Masters said: "We could do fifty thousand by putting aside other commitments, but our maximum for regular monthly deliveries is fifteen thousand."

Harvey was sweating with nervous apprehension.

"I think you're a bit optimistic, young man," Conroy said. "I should say that an additional fifteen thousand means increasing your production about forty per cent. Where's it coming from?"

"The Green Road extension——"

"Oh, come now."

"And a shift system of working."

"Everyone produces that chestnut," Conroy said.

Masters smiled. "A scheme has been approved by the union," he said. "There's sufficient female labour available. We have a promise of adequate supplies of raw materials. The maintenance staff have agreed in principle to night work. Does that sound like a chestnut?"

CONROY said, eyes narrowed: "You're doing a lot of talking, young man. Is it all talk?"

Masters produced a memo book from his pocket and held it out. "It's all there in note form, sir. Mr. Jarvis—our retiring works manager—has been working on your case, and I've been helping him. I admit that it was late last night when we finished planning, and I haven't yet had the chance to pass the results on. That's why I've been doing a lot of talking." A faint glimmer of irony showed in his eyes. "We work as a team here, you know, sir."

Harvey broke into silent, admiring curses. So that was what Fred Jarvis had been up to, with his visits to the works. He had under-estimated Fred. Fred had put him right in a corner and said: "Get out of that, if you can."

Conroy said: "I should like to meet this Jarvis."

"He retired a week ago, but he continued research into your requirements as a favour to me," said Harvey, ad-libbing freely, and hoping it was right. "Let me present his successor, Mr. Burley."

"Burley." Conroy shook hands, and then his eye wandered to Masters. "Now who's this cocksure young rascal?"

Harvey didn't hesitate. He knew very well that he had no choice. "This is Masters. He is to help Mr. Burley at the moment, and later he will manage the Green Road extension." Then he winked horribly at Peter, who smiled. "And this is my son."

Conroy made no great show of amiability. "What's he do?"

Harvey sighed. "I think he'd better tell you that himself," he said.

Peter said guilelessly: "I'm reading for the Bar. Father thought I might be interested in seeing the factory."

"A barrister, eh?" said Conroy with considerably more friendliness. "Useful man to have on the board in ten or twelve years' time."

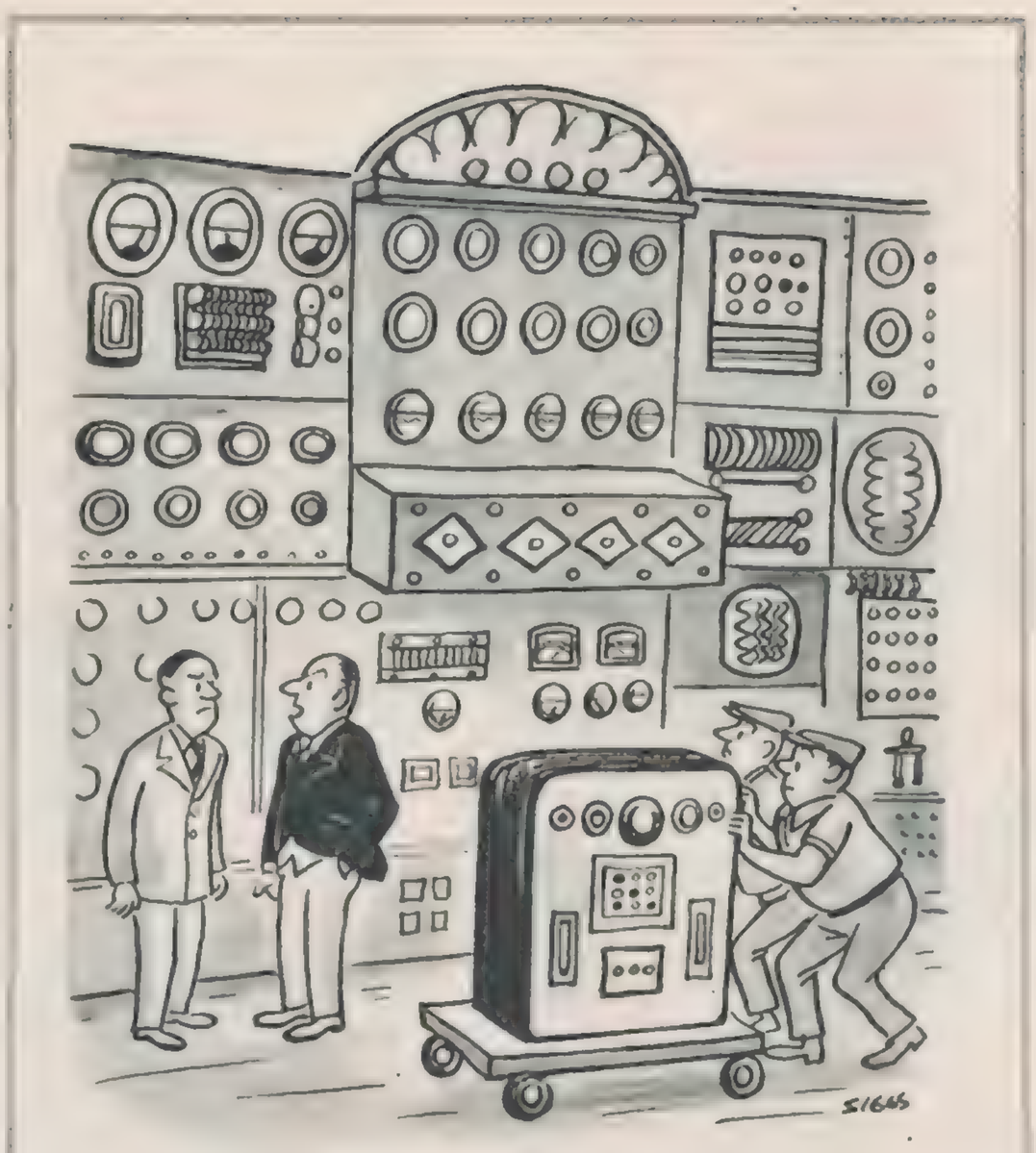
Harvey found Masters by his side. Masters said in a low voice: "I think we'll get the contract, sir. Can I get back on the job now?"

"Yes," said Harvey. "Come and see me when this is all over. And thanks."

Masters went, and Peter took his place. "I'll have to go, Dad. Carol's train will be in in about fifteen minutes."

"All right," said Harvey. He paused, and then added: "I've been thinking, son, along the lines of an interest-free loan. We'll talk about it some time."

Harvey thought that Peter and Masters were faintly alike. He sighed again. It wouldn't be too bad after all. And he was rather glad now that he did not bear the responsibility of diverting the life of another human being. He felt free. THE END



"It'll make this machine redundant—
it does the work of three of them"

Miracle at Lensham

Continued from page 13

bell rope hung lifeless over its peg in the vestry, sharing the limited space with a row of threadbare surplices.

Roger walked slowly up the aisle and stopped to look up at the roof, whence a raindrop had landed on his head. Its state was pitiful. Roger decided that he must do something to help; he walked back to the porch, feeling in his pocket for a note. He looked for an offertory box, but could not find one, nor was there a collection plate visible.

He wandered vaguely round again; then saw a small pile of hymn books perched on the edge of the choir stalls. He was tucking the pound note under the pile when a thought struck him. Why not make a gesture? He remembered the American currency in his wallet. It would be worth more than sterling, and it would be a token that a Lensham from America had at last come to see the village of his ancestors.

He smiled at his own foolishness, and, taking a fifty-dollar bill from the fold, placed it under the top hymn-book. Someone would see it, and he could imagine the sensation.

An hour later, driving back towards the Plymouth road, Roger decided that his family had been optimistic in thinking that they could ever lay claim to Lensham Park. In spite of the pictures he had seen of the mansion, he had never expected to find so much beauty and splendour.

It had been an ordeal, visiting the house, more on account of the admiral than anything else. Sir Hubert had been polite enough, but Roger had not dared to tell him more than the bare outline of the Lensham family's alleged connection with the estate. In any case, Sir Hubert had shown no great interest in his forebears, and his only comment had been typical. "Never did know much about those days. Certainly been in our hands since 1600, probably longer. Still, you've got the same name; must be a connection somewhere."

On the whole, thought Roger, he had escaped lightly, though with an invitation to return. He might have evaded this, but he was not averse to meeting the girl again. Without her riding coat and cap, in sweater and jodhpurs, she had been extremely easy to look at. She was also the first girl for a long time who had taken him at face value, without being impressed by his Hollywood fame.

As for Sir Hubert, he had clearly never heard of Roger Lensham, and Roger doubted if the admiral had seen a film since the silent days. So much the better, he decided cheerfully. It was a change from everlasting crowds, flashlights and interviews.

The thought reminded him that he was heading for precisely those sort of attentions. Roger had come to Britain to make a film, and it so happened that an earlier film of his—*The Devon Man*—was about to have its British première. The première was to take place, appropriately, in Plymouth, with a personal appearance by the star—and Plymouth was out to make the most of Roger Lensham's visit. . . .

IT took the united efforts of a double cordon of police to force a passage from his car to the foyer of the Imperial Cinema. Here a glittering assembly awaited him, for Hollywood and the exhibitors had combined to launch *The Devon Man* with the sort of flourish that Drake must have received when he returned after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

It was a relief when the lights dimmed and the opening titles of *The Devon Man* appeared on the screen. At least Roger could relax in the dark, though sitting through one of his own films was agony. He watched it with one eye and waited uncomfortably for the first reactions of the Plymouth audience.

He need not have worried. A burst of applause greeted the close of the story, and there was tumult as he walked on to the stage to make his personal appearance. Afterwards, at the party given at the great Majestic Hotel on the Hoe, he was showered with congratulations.

Presently a young man, seizing his opportunity as Roger was reaching for another glass of champagne, introduced himself as a representative of the *West Country Post*. Roger greeted him politely. The young man asked for some personal details. Roger answered obediently, being well trained in the attitude to be adopted by film stars who took an interest in their public relations.

"By the way," the reporter asked suddenly, "do you know there's a village with your name not far from here?"

"Yes, I do," Roger replied. "As a matter of fact, I went there today."

The young man was on the scent like a terrier. "Was it curiosity, or had you some reason?"

Roger was tempted to tell him to mind his own business, but he restrained himself. Having gone so far by accident, he might as well tell the truth, or part of it. In any case, a little personal publicity would do no harm, and with the spell of Lensham Park still upon him, he was glad to lay claim to his English origin.

"I think my family had some connection with the place a long time ago," he said. "I'm British, you know, not American, and I was born here. Not at Lensham, but my father spoke about it a great deal, and I wanted to see it for myself."

THE reporter was mentally at work on his story. "A sort of pilgrimage?" he suggested.

Roger smiled. "Call it that if you like. I had a look at Lensham Park and went in the old church."

"Were you alone?"

Roger nodded. "Yes. I just wandered round."

"But did no one recognize you?"

Roger decided to forget Diana Lensham-Cooke. "No. I hardly saw anyone. I expect it was market-day somewhere."

The reporter smiled brightly. He had thought of another angle. "I expect you left a thank offering in the church."

Damn the man, thought Roger. *If I deny it, people will think I'm a mean so-and-so.* "Well, yes, I did," he said cautiously.

The reporter said, winningly: "This'll make a good human story, you know. Would you mind if I asked how much?"

"Really, I don't think that matters," Roger replied. But then he succumbed to temptation. If the man was going to write a story, it might as well be right. No harm in admitting a generous impulse.

"If you must know," he said as he turned away, "it was a fifty-dollar bill. . . ."

The Rector of Lensham said: "Good Heavens!" in a tone so vehement that his wife could hardly believe her ears.

"I do wish, Thomas, that you would not swear," she said firmly.

The rector laid down his morning paper. "My dear, it was quite excusable. We have received manna from heaven. Listen to this." He picked up the paper again. "Film-star's pilgrimage to Dartmoor village. Roger Lensham unrecognized."

"Roger Lensham?" said Mrs. Penderley. "He was in that dreadful film you took the Guild to see. The one about pirates. Most unsuitable!"

"We won't argue about that again," said the rector. "They enjoyed it, anyhow. And listen to this." He read the story aloud, emphasizing the last sentence. "Mr. Lensham said that he had left a fifty-dollar note in Lensham Church as a personal thank offering."

He thought a moment. "Fifty dollars, indeed—that must be ten or fifteen pounds." He rose from the breakfast table. "My dear, I think I must go down to the church. . . ."

The sun was shining as Mr. Penderley let himself into the vestry. Dilapidated as it was, the little church looked cheerful in the bright morning light. The rector loved it dearly, but wasted no time admiring its ancient charm. He was looking for his windfall.

There had been no receptacle for money in Lensham Church since the day that Jobley, the sexton, had found woodworm in the last remaining offertory box and had carried it home for firewood. Nor, thought the rector sadly, had they needed one. A handful of visitors inspected the church in the summer; in the winter, there was only the regular congregation, whose contributions to a dozen different good causes

were collected in a small bag. Mr. Penderley knew this was in the vestry, and hurried across to find it. But it lay empty on the window ledge.

The rector paused. Where would a stranger, and a film-star, leave a note? Possibly, though very wrongly, on the altar. He picked his way between the buckets in the aisle and stepped into the red-carpeted chancel. Two vases of flowers drooped on the altar-table; otherwise it was bare. Undaunted, Mr. Penderley began a close inspection of the pews, but found nothing except a crumpled and sticky sweet paper.

He surveyed the church, and decided to work his way right round. Somewhere there were fifty dollars that the church could not afford to lose.

Half an hour later, the rector, frowning, returned to his house. "I've searched the whole church," he told Mrs. Penderley. "The money isn't there. I can't understand it, my dear. It just isn't there."

His wife, who had no great opinion of film-stars, made a little face. "I suppose this Roger Lensham really left it there?"

Mr. Penderley was rather shocked. "Surely he wouldn't say so if he hadn't. I mean, why should he?"

Mrs. Penderley shrugged. "Perhaps it was just something to say. But you realize what this means, Thomas. If he did leave it there and you are certain it has gone, someone has taken it."

The rector digested this unpleasant thought, and later in the day consulted the old sexton. Together they searched the church once again, without success, and at last the rector, brushing the dirt off his trousers, said sadly, "It's no good, Jobley. I shall have to see Bundock."

The sexton looked white. "If you ask me, there's plenty of people might have taken it. That's a lot of money, fifty American dollars, a lot of money."

He watched the rector as he set off down the street in the direction of the police cottage from which Constable Bundock supervised the well-being and behaviour of the people of Lensham.

FROM the moment that the rector knocked on the door of Constable Bundock's cottage, events happened swiftly, and with a magnificence that staggered the residents of Lensham. To Mr. Penderley it seemed that Providence had suddenly regarded this small and secluded corner of Dartmoor with a pitying eye, and decided to do something about the place in a way that only Providence could.

Constable Bundock had himself read the newspaper story that morning and had remarked to Mrs. Bundock that the rector had struck lucky at last. Now he listened gravely to Mr. Penderley's story.

"The trouble is, sir," he remarked when he'd heard it, "that, short of searching every house in the village, I can't be sure that the note is still here. It wouldn't do to start accusing people." He thought for a moment. "Perhaps we'd better make sure that Mr. Lensham did leave it."

So it was that on the following day Roger Lensham, at his London hotel, received a call from a polite man who introduced himself as a detective-sergeant from West End Central Police Station. They were sorry to disturb him, but the Chief Constable of Devonshire would be glad to know if Mr. Lensham had left a fifty-dollar note in Lensham Church.

Roger was puzzled at the inquiry, but explained exactly what he had done. The sergeant explained what had happened, and took his leave.

It is possible that nothing more would have been heard of the whole business, for that very day Roger wrote to the Rector of Lensham and enclosed a cheque. He mentioned briefly his family connection with the village and his visit to the church.

Mr. Penderley, on opening the letter at the breakfast table, read its contents with some gratification to Mrs. Penderley, and considered letting Constable Bundock know that the money had been replaced through the generosity of the star.

Mrs. Penderley, however, was not so easily satisfied. "It does not alter the fact that someone has stolen money from the church," she observed. "I only hope it was no one from the village."

Shortly afterwards, the telephone rang. The young representative of the *West Country Post* who had buttonholed Roger Lensham at the party in Plymouth was seeking a follow-up. Could the rector tell him the purpose to which he would devote the money, as it had been left in the church in such an unusual way?

If Mr. Penderley had thought more quickly, he might have ignored the unfortunate incident of the note's disappearance. But he was not given to dissembling and it seemed better to tell the truth. This he did quite innocently, but to such effect that the Lensham story achieved half a column in next day's paper, under the heading: "Lensham Church Robbed—Star's Thank Offering Vanishes."

The report caused a hubbub in Lensham village, for, although the story of events had gone the rounds since the sexton mentioned it during his evening visit to the Dog and Duck, it now assumed considerable gravity and general opinion was that suspicion rested on the whole village.

The more reckless inhabitants mentioned possible names quite freely, and one dispute after closing time assumed such proportions that Constable Bundock was obliged to intervene, though unofficially. Later that evening, he observed to Mrs. Bundock over a last cup of tea: "I don't like this business at all. Once you get tongues wagging in a place this size, there's no knowing what may happen."

Even at this stage the affair might have died down without further sensation if the same young reporter had not telephoned the *Daily Call*, of which he was the local correspondent. The *Call* was a somewhat sensational paper, with a daily circulation of three millions. Its management attached so much importance to stunts that a bright young man was employed for the special purpose of dreaming them up from the workaday news of the world. It was this young man who confronted his news editor with the report from Plymouth.

"I think I've got something here," he said. "You saw that story about Roger Lensham going to some village on Dartmoor? Well, look at this."

The news editor obligingly read the typescript. "Well, what about it?"

The young man wondered, as all journalists do, whether his news editor had any understanding of news at all. He said: "Why not run a stunt on public dishonesty? People thieving from churches—not even a film-star's fifty dollars safe in an English village. The government's just been appealing for public co-operation against inflation. How can the nation regain its place in the world if it lets its own standards sink so low. . . ."

CLEARLY he was letting his imagination run away with him, and the news editor stopped him abruptly. He said, "Wait a minute. It's not your job to write leaders. Where's the stunt?"

The young man had come prepared for this. He said quickly: "Open a fund for the church. Appeal to the people to send a donation—perhaps a shilling a head—to redeem themselves and show that Britain will not allow dishonesty to flourish. Get the Archbishop——"

"Hey, whoa!" cried the news editor. "Now wait a minute. I want all the facts first. . . . Get me some good pictures and a first-hand story with the vicar. Talk to the villagers, and get an exclusive with Lensham. And bring it all to me."

It appeared from the front page of the *Daily Call* two days later that the idea had indeed turned out to be a good one. There was nothing on it but a picture of Lensham Church, and the massive, challenging headline: WE ROBBED THIS CHURCH. To this was appended, in smaller type, "See page 3."

On page three, which the Rector of Lensham was now reading in stupefaction, the whole story was told. The representatives of the *Call* had done their work well, and Mr. Penderley felt as though his very soul had been laid bare. Here, in stark, uncompromising detail, was the story of his long fight against poverty, the threadbare robes of the choir, the leaking roof, the peeling walls, the solitary bell — and, horror of horrors, Jobley's buckets, which the sexton, for a reward, had placed in their usual positions for the newspaper to photograph.

The history of the church, which was described as a priceless heritage from the Norman Conquest, was coupled with details of the magnificence of Lensham Park nearby, and, included in the page, to Mr. Penderley's surprise, was a picture of Sir Hubert Lensham-Cooke, standing erect and splendid by the side of the massive door of the mansion.

At the very bottom of the page was a further line in black capitals, YOU CAN RIGHT THIS WRONG—SEE PAGE 6.

The rector turned to page six. There the *Daily Call* announced its great Shilling Fund. It called upon its millions of readers to rally to the help of this lovely gem of ancient England, and to show, by their shillings, pence, or widows' mites, that, for every one malefactor who cared nothing for the sanctity of a church, there were a million honest citizens prepared to see justice done and the glorious heritage of the land preserved.

All donations should be sent to the *Daily Call*, which would forward the money, without any deduction for expenses, to the Rector of Lensham.

Mr. Penderley felt slightly giddy as he laid the paper down. At the other end of the table, Mrs. Penderley seemed to be having some difficulty in breathing.

The rector watched her with apprehension. He said, tentatively, "My dear. . . ."

Mrs. Penderley found her voice at last. "Do not speak to me. Do not speak." The look in her face was bleak. "To think that after forty years of toil in this parish, we should sink to this depth of iniquity. That we should expose ourselves in this way to be laughed at by our friends, jeered at by the villagers, made the recipients of charity from a million unhappy, misguided people. Oh, what have you done that this judgment should be visited upon us?"

Mr. Penderley answered faintly: "Nothing, my dear. I simply don't understand it. I told the truth in reply to questions, that's all. They asked me if Roger Lensham had really left——"

His wife interrupted fiercely: "Roger Lensham, indeed! You brought this upon yourself, Thomas, by mixing with those actors. The man is nothing better than a pirate."

"Really, Gladys!" protested the rector, and his use of Mrs. Penderley's christian name was an indication that he was roused, "you must not say that I have been mixing with actors. I've never met this man, and for all we know he may be perfectly respectable even if he is an actor." He added, doubtfully, "I only wish he had not come to Lensham. It would have saved such a lot of trouble."

"Trouble?" echoed Mrs. Penderley. "You take a very light view of this, Thomas." She leaned forward over the table, vibrant with emphasis. "Have you by any chance thought of the bishop?"

Mr. Penderley had not, until that moment, and the words were a cold douche. He closed his eyes. "Goodness me—the bishop!" He could see that eminent churchman in his study at the palace, with the *Daily Call* before him. At that moment all things seemed possible, even that the bishop read the *Daily Call*.

The rector followed his usual habit in emergencies. He rose from the table. He said: "This has been a great shock, my dear. I must go out." Suddenly he remembered the photograph of the admiral, and clutched at the thought. "I shall go to see Sir Hubert—they took a picture of him."

MR. PENDERLEY was greeted in the hall of the park by Diana. "I know what's brought you," she observed brightly. "Uncle Hubert's in the study; he's quite worked up this morning."

The rector's tone was martyred. "Thank you. I'm sure he is. It's been a great shock." He dragged himself towards the lion in his den. Christians in the Roman arena, he thought, could have felt no worse.

Sir Hubert was standing by the vast

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 32

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

She never feels washed up on laundry day. Robinson's Barley Water keeps her going. This is the cooling, thirst-quenching drink for people who work hard and play hard. As well as lemon for refreshment and barley for satisfying smoothness, it contains glucose, nature's finest energy restorer. Always ask for Robinson's, the drink that's extra good and gives you extra 'go'.

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fireplace, with the *Daily Call* in his hand. He flourished the paper at the rector, and boomed across the room. "What about this? What about this, eh, eh?"

"Sir Hubert, I really must explain," Mr. Penderley said shakily. "There's been a terrible mistake. I assure you I——"

"Mistake? Mistake?" The admiral glared at him. "Don't be an idiot, Penderley. This is the finest thing that could have happened. All over the pages of the most popular rag in Britain a mistake? It's wonderful! Good God, we couldn't have bought it for a thousand pounds."

It was the second shock of the morning. Mr. Penderley felt dizzy, found an armchair at his side, and sat down abruptly.

"Do you realize that four million people read this thing?" demanded the admiral, waving the *Call* like a white ensign. "If one out of every hundred sends you a shilling, that's two thousand pounds for the church. And if one in every hundred visits the park, that's five thousand pounds for the house. Dammit, man, this isn't a mistake—it's a miracle!"

The rector sat quite still. Somewhere deep in his mind there was a chink of daylight. Two thousand pounds. That was just what he needed to start work on the church roof. Then the chink widened and sunlight came flooding through. "Good gracious, I never thought of it like that," he exclaimed. "My wife was so upset, and I wondered what the bishop——"

"The bishop?" snorted Sir Hubert. "Leave him to me. In thirty years at sea I've dealt with worse people than bishops." He sat down at his desk, and became businesslike. "Now look here. You and I have been fighting dilapidations for a good many years. The government does nothing for me and as far as I can see the Church does nothing for you. Here's a chance to help yourself. You get the church done up and make it worth looking at. I'm going to spend a thousand pounds in advance and advertise Lensham Park.

"We'll soon fix the travelling. Concentrate on the west first. Run buses from Newton Abbot Station. Make it a day's outing from Plymouth and Torquay, open a café in the house to feed 'em. If they come to the park, they'll come to the church. Double money's worth, and Dartmoor thrown in."

As Sir Hubert warmed to the details, Mr. Penderley marvelled. It was like a plan of battle, and the admiral was in his element. The rector began to feel excited. He forgot Mrs. Penderley's outburst at breakfast. An unwonted recklessness possessed him, and he was exalted by a vision of Lensham Church restored and spotless and filled with visitors, while its bells pealed out over the valley and the moor.

No one will ever know which aspect of the *Daily Call's* stirring appeal to its readers most touched their hearts, but from the day after its publication it was evident that the stunt was a winner. Sacks of letters arrived at the Fleet Street office, and the letters contained sums varying from pound notes to sixpences. There were, in fact, so many sixpences that the news editor regretted his reference to widows' mites. The number of widows reading the *Call* appeared to be overwhelming.

Still, he thought, as the day's total of the fund was brought to him, this was something big and must be handled in a big way.

Thus it was that, on a fine May morning, the population of Lensham assembled on the green before the church. A platform had been arranged, and on it was the microphone of the newsreel company associated with the *Call*. The film cameraman was perched on the roof of his car, and a small battery of press cameramen and reporters stood below.

Seated on the dais was the bishop, flanked by Roger Lensham, the rector and Mrs. Penderley, Sir Hubert and Diana Lensham-Cooke, the two churchwardens and the chairman of the county council.

Sir Hubert took the chair and opened the proceedings with a fierce and staccato speech in which he contrived to flay the government and the Board of Inland Revenue, make several pointed references to the incipient decay of Britain's great houses and the urgent need for better local transport services before steering course towards the generous and praiseworthy gesture of the *Daily Call*. He then called upon Roger Lensham.

To Roger, as he rose in acknowledgment of a burst of applause, the occasion was like a dream. His studio had impressed upon him that it carried with it the best kind of prestige publicity, and furthermore, the *Daily Call*, with an expert eye to news values, had withheld the news of the final total of the Shilling Fund, to allow him to announce it.

He fingered the white envelope in his pocket that contained the cheque, which the management of the *Call* had augmented to bring it to a conveniently round sum. It was indeed a great deal of money to have grown out of a fifty-dollar bill.

Briefly he recounted the reasons for his first visit, sensing that those about him on the platform were impatient for him to reach the dénouement.

As he spoke, he gazed about him at the crowd below and at the official party, and found himself looking straight at Diana. He felt a sudden sensation of warmth. Was there something in her regard that he had not seen before, a suggestion of approval, of understanding?

Hurriedly he pulled himself together. He said: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I come to the moment for which you have been waiting." He drew out the envelope. "On behalf of the readers of the *Daily Call*, I have the honour to hand to you, my Lord Bishop, this cheque for fifteen thousand pounds."

Mr. Penderley nearly fell off his chair, and clutched at the edge of it for support. The admiral gave a loud snort of amazement, and covered it by blowing his nose. Someone in the crowd below cried involuntarily "Hurray!" and was saved from confusion by the cheers and clapping that broke like a small storm over the assembly.

The informal gathering at Lensham Park following the ceremony was a gay and noisy one. Even Mrs. Penderley seemed to have forgotten her earlier prejudice and, as she talked to Roger Lensham, looked across to her husband in a manner that suggested "What did I tell you?" which the rector felt was barely justified. He was far too dazed, however, to bother. The enormous, fantastic cheque lay in his pocket, and now and then he felt it surreptitiously, hardly able to believe that it was real.

The admiral was firing good-natured broadsides at all and sundry, and took Mr. Penderley aside to hiss: "Fifteen thousand, padre! Reckon that's two hundred thousand people. Get half of 'em here and we're made!"

To his delight, Roger contrived to lead Diana into a corner. She regarded him mischievously. "How does it feel

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 31

OUTSIDE London, any householder who permits a window cleaner to stand on a sill without a safety belt can be prosecuted under the Town Police Clauses Act of 1847. The window cleaner's employer is also liable, and seventeen years ago a Bradford employer was fined 10s. for this offence, says a barrister-at-law. The window cleaner himself, though, is untouched by this law.

to be a benefactor as well as a star?"

He grinned. "It's a very peculiar feeling. To tell the truth, I rather like it, particularly here in Lensham."

"You have quite a feeling for this village, haven't you?" Diana asked.

Roger nodded, more seriously. "I feel as though I've known it all my life. I suppose it's because I heard so much about it as a boy. My father always said we belonged to it. Somehow in this house, with all this history round me, I feel quite at home."

On an impulse, Roger looked straight at her. He said: "There's another reason, too."

Diana felt herself blushing. She said: "You mean fifteen thousand pounds?"

Roger shook his head. "No, not that." The rest of the party seemed to have faded away, and he felt as though he and the girl were alone. He heard himself saying: "There are some things that happen suddenly, and somehow you can't stop them."

Diana said slowly, "I know. That's happened to me, too."

Then the admiral was upon them. "Well, Lensham, you've done us a good turn. The prodigal son returns, eh? Look here, why not come down and stay for a few days when this has blown over? We might find out a bit more about this family of yours. Time I knew something about my ancestors, anyway."

ROGER looked at the girl, and she smiled. Suddenly the future was clear, and he answered eagerly: "I'd love to. There's nothing I'd like more."

He knew he was in love, and it was an odd, exhilarating feeling.

A week after the ceremony at Lensham, Mr. Penderley sought audience of the bishop. He bore with him the details of a scheme for the complete restoration of the church, produced by Page & Page, the ecclesiastical architects in the City of London.

The bishop smiled gently when he saw Mr. Penderley's shining eyes. "Tell me," he said, "how many years have you been at Lensham?"

"Forty-one," said the rector, with a trace of pride.

"And most of that time you have been struggling on with too little money. I cannot say that I approve altogether of the *Daily Call*, or of the manner in which it raised the extraordinary sum of fifteen thousand pounds.

Mr. Penderley was about to interject, but the bishop held up a finger. "I know you had nothing to do with it, except in a most innocent capacity. Also, we must remember that, whatever the approach made by the newspaper to its readers, they at least sent this money out of the generosity of their hearts. Therefore there is no need for us to—er, look a gift horse in the mouth.

"You have known the shortcomings of Lensham for forty years. You also know that you have in your keeping one of the oldest churches—perhaps *the* oldest—in the whole of the west of England."

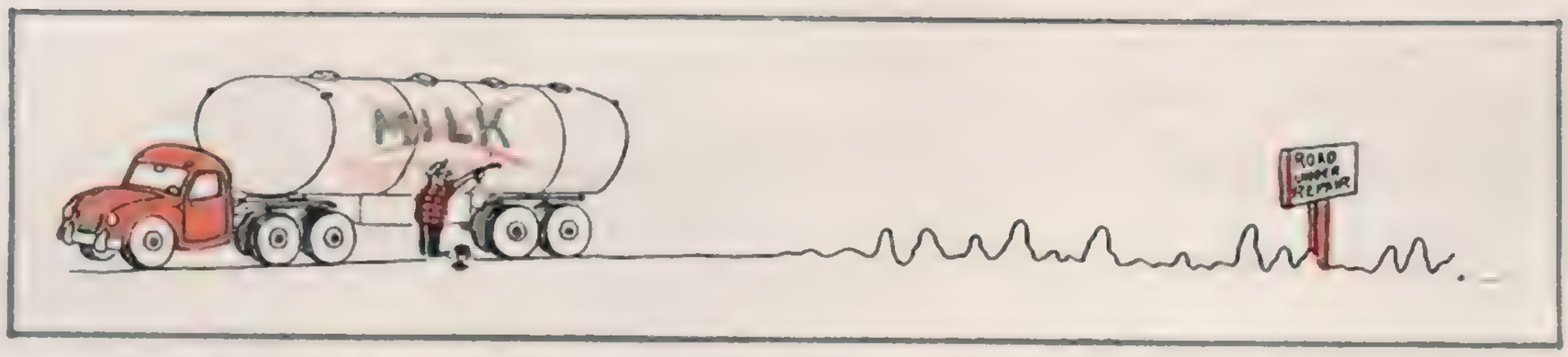
He pushed the plans across the desk towards the rector. "I am quite satisfied to endorse whatever you wish to do."

Mr. Penderley's heart was full. So, indeed, was his head, with visions of Saxon stonework and Norman pillars cleaned and restored, of a roof fit to stand the wildest winter storms, of rich altar hangings and—most lovely thought of all—the music of the Lensham bells calling to the people to worship where men had prayed for a thousand years before. Warmly he clasped the bishop's hand. . . .

Within the hour the rector was closeted with Mr. Humphrey Wrecclesham, senior partner in the old-established firm of master masons and builders in stone, Wrecclesham, Shadwick & Allday. Mr. Wrecclesham himself agreed to visit Lensham and inspect the church. Then an estimate could be given.

"I have fifteen thousand pounds," said Mr. Penderley, "but out of that I must provide new robes and a peal of bells."

"Don't worry," said the builder briskly. "I think you'll have enough, and maybe a little over. Though I



can't be sure until I've had a look. When will it be convenient?"

Mr. Penderley did not stop to think. "Now, if you like. This afternoon. I have my small car here."

Mr. Wrecclesham could not help smiling at the rector's impetuosity. "I can't manage today, I'm afraid, but I won't waste any time. Let me telephone you in a day or two and make an appointment. . . ."

It was only ten days after the presentation ceremony that Roger drove down to Lensham Park as Sir Hubert Lensham-Cooke's guest.

He could not remember ever having felt so excited as he did now, with the prospect before him of three days under the same roof as Diana. He felt sure, as he urged the powerful car down the Exeter Road, that his feeling for Diana was the real thing. It was something he had never experienced before, a revelation that had shaken him.

From the moment when it had happened, in the library at Lensham Park, she had hardly been out of his thoughts. A dozen times he had fought against the impulse to telephone her for the sake of hearing her voice. But Diana had given him no indication of her feelings, beyond that one soft reply before the admiral had interrupted him. He told himself that she was only being polite, finding something to say in reply to his blurted sentence. Yet instinctively he knew that something more

LIFE—2

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart.

John Morley

lay behind her smile, and perhaps this weekend he would discover what it was.

He was impatient to see her, and the road seemed endless before him.

As the car turned the corner of the green, and Lensham Church came into view, Roger saw that the restoration had begun. Already scaffolding was spreading up the ancient walls of the church on either side of the door, and two lorries laden with builders' equipment stood outside the lychgate.

Just then he saw the rector approaching, and slowed down to greet him. Mr. Penderley was all smiles as he leaned on the side of the car. "This is a great day, Mr. Lensham. At last the work begins."

"You haven't wasted much time," said Roger.

"No, I went straight to the bishop with the plans for his approval, and from him to the builders. And we've had wonderful news. Things aren't as bad as we thought. We need a new roof outside, but the old beams inside are sound enough, and so are the walls, except that they have to be scraped right down and the stonework redressed.

"Mr. Lensham, I don't know when I've felt so overjoyed, and we shall never be able to thank you enough."

"Why thank me?" Roger asked. "I only left fifty dollars. The man to thank is the thief."

Mr. Penderley hesitated. "Well, yes, I suppose so—though I feel I hardly ought to do that. Stealing from a church always seems to me the most despicable offence. I really don't know what to think about him." He added, resolutely: "I shall follow the bishop's example."

"What did the bishop say?"

The rector smiled. "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Of course, he meant the people who subscribed to the fund, but it will have to include everyone."

He went on his way into the church, and Roger turned the car into the gates of the park. Sir Hubert was out on the estate inspecting some trees which he hoped to fell, but Diana appeared in the hall as Roger entered. He thought she had never looked more lovely.

She was wearing a simple green dress, perfect for her shining red hair, and round her throat was a single rope of pearls. As she walked towards him Roger found himself tongue-tied. It was with an effort that he managed to blurt out a lame "Hallo."

Diana seemed completely at ease. She said: "Tea's ready, and Uncle Hubert will be back in a minute. He's very busy nowadays, but I've never seen him so cheerful. He seems to think you've saved the estate. He's prophesying a tidal-wave of visitors this summer."

They sat down in the drawing-room, and Diana busied herself with the tea-tray. "I met the rector outside," said Roger. "He had the same idea, but I reminded him that the thief had done the trick, not I."

"We'll never know who he was," said Diana, passing a cup. "Everyone forgot about him when the *Daily Call* came on the trail. Just as well, too. That sort of thing can cause havoc in a little place like this."

The admiral appeared in the tall french windows. "Good afternoon, Lensham. Sorry I'm late. Been looking at a row of oaks." He accepted a cup of tea from his niece. "There's a thousand pounds in those trees if only those damned fools at the Forestry Commission would let me cut 'em down."

Roger changed the familiar subject by saying: "I hear you're expecting a big season, sir."

The admiral beamed. "Big? It'll be enormous! What d'you think, Lensham—had a letter from the biggest coach operator in the west of England. Wants to run a regular trip here from Exeter and Torquay right through the summer. Every day, eighty people a time.

"And he's not the only one. Had inquiries from half a dozen others, asking what we've got. I told 'em the lot—Elizabeth, Drake, Charles, Cromwell, Gladstone, not to mention a few dozen Lensham-Cookes hanging on the walls."

LATER that day, Roger and Sir Hubert made a detailed tour of the great house. The staterooms and long corridors were shadowy in the evening light, and Roger felt as though the Lensham-Cookes of bygone years might step out of their frames and people the empty mansion.

Their own footsteps were the only sound as they went from room to room, but the house seemed ready to spring into life. Roger fell completely under its spell. Again he had the queer sensation of belonging to the place, of being part of its long history, and when they had returned to the library he broached the mystery of his family's claim to Lensham with the old man.

The admiral took some papers from a drawer. "This is the family tree. Every Lensham-Cooke from 1500-odd is down here, with his children. Before 1500, nobody knows. I asked the College of Arms about it, but they couldn't help much. Except that before 1500 there were some Cookes living over in Ashburton."

"You mean that there could have been Lenshams living here before 1500, who married into the Cookes?" asked Roger.

"In a house on this site," said Sir Hubert. "Giles Lensham-Cooke built this house around 1525, and there was certainly something here before. Could have been Lenshams, I suppose. But don't ask me what happened. They weren't very particular in those days, and an irregular marriage or a murder or two could easily upset the succession." He looked at Roger keenly. "There's only one lot of Lenshams, you say?"

"So my father told me," replied Roger. "He believed that the family lived here until four or five hundred years ago and then lost the place, but he never knew why."

SIR HUBERT nodded. "That fits. But it doesn't matter much now, anyway. Wouldn't do you much good to have it back. All taxes and bills, and precious little income." He brightened suddenly. "At least, until now. If I can rope enough people this year, they'll go on coming. That's the only hope for Lensham Park."

Roger asked gently, "You love this place very much, don't you?"

The admiral paused before replying, then nodded. "Yes. That's true. It's the only thing I live for—and Diana, of course."

"You must be glad to have her here."

"I must say I am. It's made all the difference. That's the trouble with us old sailors, you know. Spend all our lives at sea, get short-tempered and out of touch with the world. We're no good as housekeepers, and this place needs a woman. Needs a family, for that matter, and that's something I can't give it.

"I used to think I had a world of my own when I had a ship. But ships only last a few years, then they break 'em up. This old house has lasted more than four hundred years. It'll see me out, and a good many more after me—if there are any more." He plucked a handkerchief from his sleeve and blew his nose loudly. "Anyway, it was a Lensham who came to the rescue. I'm grateful for that."

Roger repeated part of the conversation to Diana, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner. Sir Hubert had retired to the library, and they were alone together by a great log fire. Though the night was warm enough, the flames cheered the big room with their dancing light.

Diana sat on a stool, looking into the fire. "Dear Uncle Hubert," she said. "He's not nearly as grumpy as he sounds. He's one of the sweetest men I've ever known. I was scared to death when I came here from South Africa. I had no one left out there, but this place was strange and huge. We lived on a farm, a beautiful place, but tiny compared with all this. I thought I'd never fit in, but he made me feel as though I'd lived here all my life."

"Isn't it lonely for you?" asked Roger. He watched her as she looked into the flames, and felt again that strange feeling of warmth within him.

Diana shook her head. "No, not really. There's a lot to do in a house this size, and the summer season to get ready for."

"I meant you—yourself," said Roger slowly.

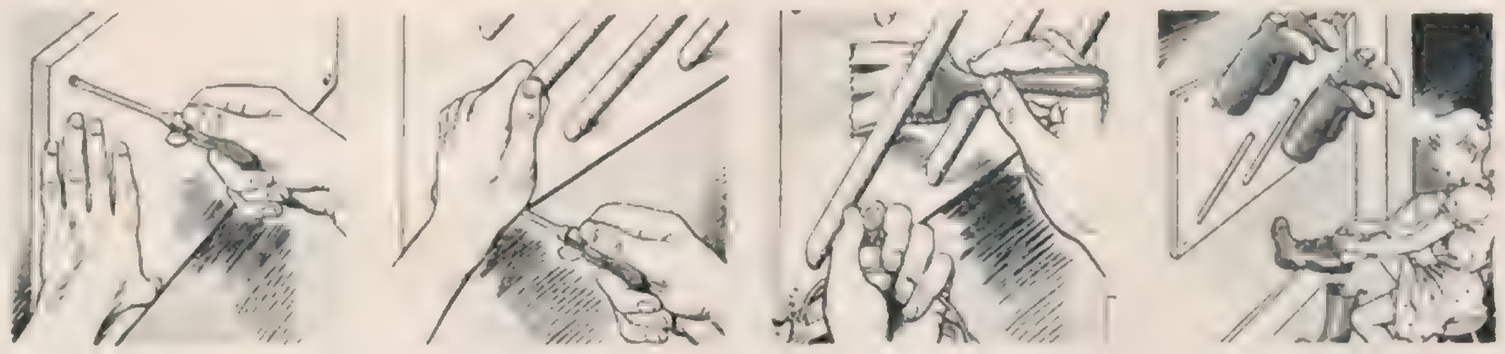
She turned abruptly to face him, as though she had come to a sudden decision. She said: "No, I used to be lonely, but not now."

There was a moment's silence. Then Roger took her in his arms.

When Mr. Penderley went to see

Make yourself at home

All over Britain householders are finding ingenious ways of brightening and easing their home lives. Each week, JOHN BULL will pay five guineas for the best original and practical do-it-yourself hint sent in by a reader. These will be illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1



FOUR pairs of wellingtons are in constant use in our house, and to store them neatly I made a rack for the porch. I fixed a one-inch thick piece of wood 24 in. by 12 in. to the wall with plugs and screws. Then I cut eight pieces of broom handle 22 in. long, bevelling them at one end. I fixed these to the wood panel with a screw through the bevelled end. For a stronger job, the rods could be fitted into holes in the panels. The whole is brightly painted.—*J. E. Brigham, Foxton, Herts.*

the admiral with the latest bulletin on the work of restoring the church, he found Sir Hubert rubbing his hands with glee. "Good news, rector. The B.B.C.'s interested. I had 'em on the phone today. Want to visit the park for one of their 'At Home' programmes, or whatever they call them. Imagine it—half an hour in front of eight million people. By God, we're lucky!"

Mr. Penderley felt that Sir Hubert was taking altogether too frivolous a view of events, though he could understand his pleasure at the publicity for Lensham Park. He said, rather stiffly, "Hardly so much luck as an act of Providence, surely?"

"Call it what you like," said the admiral ruthlessly. "It'll be the making of this place."

His good mood persisted so long that, when Roger Lensham came down during his weekend break from filming at Foxwood, he was able to receive the astonishing news that Roger and Diana brought him with equanimity.

"Of course, sir," said Roger formally, "I hope for your approval."

Sir Hubert chuckled. "Approval? What happens if I don't? You've done it already. Suppose it's the American way, bull at a gate. In my day it took months." He added, most wistfully: "Not that I got round to it myself, of course. Spent too much time at sea."

After dinner he produced a decanter of port. "Best stuff I've got, this. Special occasions only, and this is one of 'em." He raised his glass. "I give you a toast. To a thief and a fifty-dollar bill, to the *Daily Call* and all its readers, to St. Michael's Church and to Lensham Park and its future." He paused and then added, his voice unusually gentle: "And above all, to all the Lenshams and Lensham-Cookes who have come together again after all these years—in you."

At that very moment, Mr. Penderley was dining at the palace with the bishop, and the latter was speaking gravely across the table.

"I have thought a great deal about everything that has happened at Lensham, Penderley. These events have been really most extraordinary. First, the casual visit of this film actor, and the disappearance of his offering. Then the decision of the newspaper to make the theft a matter of national prestige, and then the amazing generosity of its readers."

THE bishop paused, as though weighing his words with care, and Mr. Penderley remained very still.

"I am forced to the belief that there is a link, and a deliberate link, between all these things," the bishop went on. "We know that God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. I am sure this has been His plan, and that what has happened in Lensham has been a little miracle."

Mr. Penderley closed his eyes and held his breath. Here, in words, was all that he himself had hardly dared to think.

The bishop continued: "I would like to hold a great service of thanksgiving in Lensham Church, so that we may show our gratitude. As soon as the interior is ready."

There were no more sensations at Lensham. Only one incident that reminded Mr. Penderley of the bishop's words.

The thanksgiving service was arranged for a Sunday early in June, when Lensham might be expected to look at its best under the bright sun, with all the flowers in bloom. All details were arranged; special coach services to bring worshippers from as far away as North Devon and the Cornish border; a loudspeaker system to relay the service to those unable to find places in the church; special invitations to all those associated with the events of the preceding two months, including the editor of the *Daily Call*; extra police to marshal the anticipated crowds and to help the B.B.C. television unit which was to transmit the service all over the country

Mr. Penderley was exhausted, but satisfied that nothing had been forgotten. When he left the rectory on the Sunday morning, he saw that only nature had failed him, for it was raining and a gusty wind blew down from the moor.

Mr. Penderley paused on the threshold of his church. Never had it looked so beautiful, for the television unit had switched on their arcs and the interior was brilliant with light.

All traces of the builders had been removed. The altar was ablaze with flowers, in contrast to the heavy oak chair which stood below it, at one side of the sanctuary, as a throne for the bishop.

Above him, the carved roof and on either side the solid stone walls gleamed in the unaccustomed light, restored in all their beauty.

Incongruous as they were, Mr. Penderley condoned the two grey television cameras, one stationed at the side of the church, the other mounted on a rubber-tyred carriage in the central aisle. Through them, he remembered, a message would be sent from Lensham Church that day that would reach people in the farthest corners of the land. His heart was full of gratitude as he knelt for a moment by the altar rail.

Just before eleven o'clock all was ready. Two hundred supporters were ranged outside the church, prepared to brave the weather. Around and just inside the porch the Lensham choir and the rector awaited the bishop who had expressed his intention of robing at the rectory.

Within the church sat a bigger congregation than had ever assembled before.

Mrs. Penderley, bursting with pride, sat in her usual place below the lectern, and just behind her were Sir Hubert Lensham-Cooke, with Diana on his left. On her left, on the aisle, sat Roger Lensham, whose arrival had caused an excited buzz among the crowd outside. He was fingering nervously a slip of paper bearing the chapter and verse of the lesson which he was to read.

Elsewhere could be seen the partnership of Wrecclesham, Shadwick and Allday, for all three had honoured the occasion. Next to them sat the stonemasons, in a dark blue row, and before and behind them and all around, what appeared, to Mr. Penderley's delighted eye, to be the entire population of Lensham.

It was all perfect, thought Mr. Penderley, as he took his place at the head of the choir. True, the bells had not rung out that morning, but even they were being cast at the Whitechapel foundry, and their song would be heard over Dartmoor before the summer was out. Let it rain, let it blow, nothing could spoil this day.

He saw the chaplain emerge from the rectory gate, and behind, magnificent in his cope of gold and purple and careless of the rain and wind that buffeted him as he leaned upon his crook, the bishop. Their eyes met for a moment in serene enjoyment. Then Mr. Penderley bowed, turned and escorted the bishop in procession up the aisle of his beloved church.

The service proceeded with dignity. The choir was on its best behaviour and put everything it had into the singing, and Roger Lensham read his lesson with just the right mixture of firmness and humility. Diana, as she sat at her uncle's side, was filled with happiness, while Sir Hubert himself felt compelled to give thanks where it was due for the gifts that providence had showered upon Lensham. The television cameras blinked their small red eyes on and off as they sent the image of the scene to the world outside.

Towards the end of the second hymn the rector left his place, bowed once again to the bishop, and conducted him to the pulpit. He returned to his seat, confident that they were about to hear

LIFE—3

All of the animals except man know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it.

Samuel Butler

a ringing message from a man whose forthright opinions had made newspaper headlines on many occasions.

The bishop arranged his notes and switched on the reading light. Taking firm hold of the edge of the pulpit, he waited until everyone had settled, and there was silence in the church. Then he looked full at the red eye of the television camera opposite him.

"We are gathered here today," he began, "in this ancient church on the edge of Dartmoor, on a unique occasion. For we have seen in this humble village, in the course of the last two months, a little miracle."

At that exact moment, a member of the television staff, bearing a message from a cameraman to the producer in his control van outside, tiptoed into the porch and opened the church door. Simultaneously, the wind which had blown fitfully off the moor since dawn that morning seemed to gather itself for one extra blast. A chilly gust blew up the length of the aisle, prostrating the flames of the altar candles and causing the bishop to place a restraining finger on his papers.

Mr. Penderley, sunk in contentment in his corner, saw out of the corner of his eye a small slip of paper drifting down from the beams above his head. It descended in pendulum fashion from the hiding place to which an earlier wind had blown it, and lay on the floor at the rector's side.

He glanced down at it, and stared in consternation. For one awful moment, he felt that the world had stopped, that time itself had halted in its march. Yet faintly, through the mist that shrouded his senses, he heard the bishop's voice. . . .

"Most of you know the story, how an American banknote disappeared from this church, and how the news of the theft inspired no fewer than a quarter of a million good people, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to send their own money to replace that which had gone."

Mr. Penderley had recovered his wits sufficiently to draw a quivering breath. But what was he to do? It was unthinkable to interrupt the bishop, to stop the service.

He contemplated in anguish the millions of people seated at their television sets, hearing the bishop's story. He envisaged the appalling dénouement, and the prospect made him shudder.

But again the voice from the pulpit echoed in his reeling brain. . . .

"It is not for us to question the mysterious ways in which these wonders have been done," said the bishop. "They may seem to us to be the work of man, yet deep in our hearts we must realize that a greater power than man's has been at work. The greater the mystery, the more profound the lesson that it brings. Let us therefore give thanks for our blessings, never questioning the Author of them all."

To Mr. Penderley, in his misery, the words came as a revelation. In a moment he saw, with blinding clarity, that it was not for him to seek an explanation, less still to intervene in the working of a miracle.

With understanding came decision. He glanced swiftly at the faces of the choir and, through the screen, at the congregation. No one seemed to have noticed, and attention was riveted on the bishop.

Cautiously the rector of St. Michael and All Angels stretched out his foot. Sublimely sure that what he did was in the best interests of all, he placed it firmly over the crumpled, dishevelled fifty-dollar bill. THE END

The man who wasn't scared

Continued from page 9

message was written was common typing paper, not watermarked, and could have been bought at any stationers. The message itself afforded no clue, except that it pointed to a reasonably literate person.

We interviewed a number of people who might conceivably have had a private grudge against Iles, including the woman who had been knocked down by the school car, the pupil who had mounted the pavement, and several others who had failed to pass their driving test after tuition. But we got nowhere.

Iles himself was very upset by the incident, and the school had to give him some sick leave.

We were still working on the case when, a few days later, the first murder was committed.

A young man named Jocelyn Wade, a member of a well-to-do county family, had been up to London for the day in his fast sports car, and on his way back dropped into a quiet country pub, the Dog and Feathers, about five miles beyond Donchester. He left the pub just before ten—and at ten thirty his body was found lying beside his car in a corner of the car park.

His skull was crushed by two blows from a heavy instrument, possibly a spanner, delivered by someone who must have crept up behind him. On the car seat the murderer had left a sheet of typing paper, with the pencilled words: THIS MAN DROVE THROUGH DONCHESTER HIGH STREET AT 42 M.P.H. THIS EVENING. WATCH OUT, YOU DOWNSHIRE SPEED FIENDS! IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT!

Once again there were no fingerprints, no material clues of any kind. Once again the assault had taken place in darkness, and the assailant got clear away.

WE knew now that there was a maniac in our midst—a man with his own crazy notion of a road safety campaign. Next morning the activities of the "Downshire Terror" were the chief topic of conversation all over the country.

The popular newspapers were full of him. Hordes of reporters arrived in Donchester, virtually taking over the County Hotel. They wanted to know not merely what we were doing about the Wade murder, but how we proposed to prevent any more deaths.

On that point it wasn't very easy to be reassuring. The peculiar grimness of all these multiple murder cases, where sudden attacks are made out of doors after dark and no personal motive links the murderer and victim, is that the police usually have to wait for further attacks before they can close their net.

What I did say was that one of the best safeguards might well be for everyone to drive with exceptional care in Downshire until the Terror was apprehended.

It seemed certain that we should need outside help in our task, and I had already asked for a conference at the Home Office to concert plans. But before it could be held there was a second murder.

This time the victim was a woman, a Mrs. Fray. She had been visiting friends in Donchester and set off home in her car soon after nine o'clock. At ten she was found lying beside the car on a grass verge, not far from her house, with her head battered in. The usual piece of paper on the driving seat said: THIS WOMAN FAILED TO STOP AT THE HALT SIGN IN DONCHESTER THIS AFTERNOON.

The front nearside tyre of her car was flat, but there was no puncture—the valve cap had been removed and the valve loosened. It seemed probable that the Terror marked her down during the day, followed her to her friend's house, loosened the valve in the street after dark, and assaulted her on the road home when the flat tyre forced her to stop.

The new murder gave even greater urgency to the conference at the Home Office. It was attended by several experienced officers from the Yard and by the chief constables of the counties adjoining Downshire.

They were all short-handed; for, like Downshire, their territories lay between London and the sea, and at this time of year the crowded state of the roads and the frequent accidents were a heavy strain on the limited police manpower.

However, they agreed that reinforcements for Downshire were absolutely essential.

THE best hope seemed to lie in greatly strengthened night patrols, so that even if the next murder couldn't be prevented we should at least have early information on which to act immediately.

The Terror, after his butchering excursions, must have a lot of blood on him and his first need would be to rush off to some quiet retreat where he could remove all traces. Our aim must be to intercept him.

Our counter-measures included dividing the county up into sections with a system of road checks that could be brought instantly into operation. We also fixed up a decoy plan, by which plain-clothes men in private cars would drive around the built-up areas of the county at more than the legal limit, in the hope that the Terror would eventually follow one of them and attempt an attack.

For a week after the conference nothing happened. Then the Terror suddenly struck again—and this time it was in broad daylight. A lorry driver named Albert Stokes stopped his vehicle in a lay-by some ten miles outside the county boundary. He had his lunch and a smoke, and then probably stretched out in his cab for a nap.

He was found there in the middle of the afternoon, dead from multiple head injuries. The message on the seat said: THIS MAN PASSED ME IN DONCHESTER AT 32 M.P.H. HIS LEGAL LIMIT IS 20 M.P.H.

It was now clear that the Terror, though still concentrating on what happened in Downshire, was prepared to pursue his victim outside the county if necessary. That meant that every driver who passed through was taking a risk, unless he drove impeccably.

The odds against any one person being picked on were, of course, considerable, but by now the word "Downshire" had become synonymous in the public mind with sudden, violent death, and most people preferred not to take chances.

There was no great falling off in the amount of traffic, but there was a marked improvement in road behaviour and an impressive observance of all speed limits. At this rate the Terror would soon be short of potential victims.

Another week went by, a week of unremitting inquiry into the earlier incidents and of ceaseless vigilance by the road patrols.

By now a huge force of police had been drafted into the area. As one quiet day followed another, I began to think that the Terror had abandoned his campaign. Any sane person would certainly have been deterred by our preparations.

But, late one night, he killed again. His victim, a man named Lever, was found with the usual head injuries only a short time after the assault. His car was in a ditch in an unfrequented lane, and it looked as though he had driven it there himself. The message on the seat said: THIS MAN WAS DRUNK IN CHARGE!

Within seconds of the discovery, our machinery went smoothly into action, and we must have missed intercepting the escaping murderer by the narrowest of margins.

We brought in yet more police and increased the patrols. For nearly a fortnight Downshire waited in a state of mounting tension.

Then, suddenly—and in a way I could not have foreseen—the end came. . . .

I WAS driving home one night, very tired, after a late conference at the police station. I had just turned into the High Street when a small black car passed me.

For a moment I could hardly believe my eyes, for it was doing well over 40 m.p.h. in a restricted area—and drivers in Downshire simply didn't do that sort of thing any longer.

Then I decided that it must be one of my decoys. I put on speed until I could read the number. I knew all the decoy numbers and it wasn't one of them.

I stepped hard on the accelerator, and so did the chap in front. Two other police cars swung in from side turnings and joined in the chase. We raced through the town at sixty miles an hour and I passed the black car at sixty-five.

Its brakes squealed as I slowed in front of it; there was a crash as it hit me and then it swerved off the road through a garden fence.

As it stopped the driver jumped out and began to run. I gave chase and so did half a dozen other officers, and we caught him in little more than fifty yards.

It was the driving instructor, John Iles. He was wearing a long, plastic raincoat and there was blood all over it. He'd just done his last job.

We found out afterwards that he'd been spending his "sick leave" in a caravan parked beside a stream in a lonely spot in the next county. After each murder he'd gone straight back there.

He told us he felt that his mission in Downshire was now pretty well accomplished and that he'd intended to return to work on the following day.

So, if he hadn't been the one man in Downshire who wasn't scared of the Terror, he might have got away with it.

He was hopelessly mad, of course. If his deeds hadn't made that clear, his attitude in court would have done. According to him he was a public benefactor and should receive a medal.

He admitted he'd killed four people, but he pointed out that, in the month in which he'd been operating, road casualties in Downshire had fallen from fifteen dead and 112 injured to two dead and forty-three injured, solely on account of him—a net saving of nine lives and much useless suffering.

The judge said grimly that this was the arithmetic of bedlam, and had him bundled off to Broadmoor without any more fuss.

There was exuberant relief throughout Downshire when it was realized that sanity had returned to the county and that the danger was over.

The next month's road casualty figures proved to be an all-time record for the county—twenty killed and 133 injured. THE END

Got the film ?

Got the SPANGLES ?

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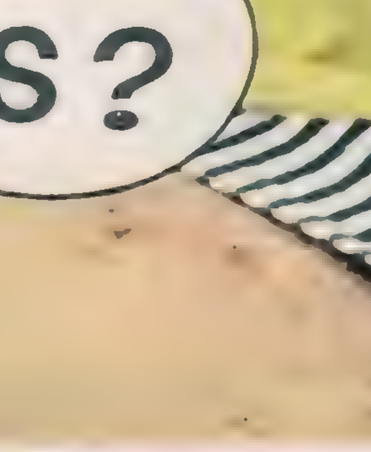
FRUIT FLAVOURS

CANDY MINT



ACID DROP

BLACKCURRANT

TANGERINE

Shadow of the moon

Continued from page 17

winged ants hatched out in drove after fluttering, crawling drove.

The food was scanty, for there was little money to spare; but it was enough. They were, compared with thousands of their fellow countrymen, living in comfort and safety. But not to know what was happening to the garrison in the Residency, to Havelock's forces, to the regiments on the Ridge before Delhi, to the rest of India and the empire of John Company, made the long days longer and frayed their nerves to breaking point.

They discussed, endlessly, the possibility of escaping from Lucknow and trying to make contact with the relieving army, and one night three of them, Captain Garrowby, Dr. O'Dwyer and Mr. Climpson, climbed out of the enclosed garden, scaled the outer wall by standing on each other's shoulders, and vanished into the maw of the city.

They did not get far. They kept together instead of taking the wiser course of separating, and they lost their way in the maze of streets, so that dawn found them still in the city. They were stopped and questioned, and that afternoon they were shot, and their bodies hung up by the heels for an encouragement to the mob.

DASIM ALI, Ameera's great-uncle brought Alex the news on the following evening. The men, he said, were tortured first to make them tell where they had been hiding, for it was suspected from the state of their garments and their shoes that they must have been sheltering in the city itself and had not, as they claimed, entered it only that night. Moreover, they were captured trying to leave Lucknow, and not entering it.

They died without divulging their hiding place, but Walayat Shah and Dasim Ali's wife Mumtaz and others of the Rose Palace were frightened and angry and took immediate precautions to see that none of the remaining *Feringees* jeopardized them by escaping.

The doors were locked now at night, and the garden patrolled, and what little liberty the fugitives had previously possessed was drastically curtailed.

Winter and Alex alone among the fugitives seemed untroubled by their confinement. But they had each other.

Then, as the weeks in the Rose Palace lengthened into months, Winter saw that Alex was growing restless. By now he had shaken off the last effects of his illness. She knew that he was itching to get back to his district, to Lunjore, to help to restore peace.

Even her revelation that she was to have a child did not lessen his mounting desire to get away.

One morning, after a night of rain, the clean-washed air brought the sound of different guns; Havelock's guns. Alex went up to the roof in the dawn to listen. He drew away very gently from Winter, and thought that he had not awakened her. But she felt that first movement and did not stop him. When he had gone she lay for a long time staring at the wall, and after a time she turned on her face and wept quietly.

She heard Alex come back and lay still, hoping that he would think she was still asleep; but he took her in his arms and turned her against him and held her with his cheek against her hair. He did not ask her why she was crying. He did not speak at all. He only held her, not moving; knowing that she knew.

All that day the sound of Havelock's guns shivered through the hot sunlight, coming nearer and nearer, until it seemed as though they could only be a few miles from the city; and, as twilight fell, the survivors gathered on the roof top to watch and listen.

"We shall be able to get away," said Mrs. Hossack, her voice trembling in hysterical thankfulness and relief. "We shall be safe at last—at last! When will they be here? Why don't they hurry?"

"They are fighting a battle," said Alex. "They will come as quickly as they can, but they won't find it easy. Listen! They must be at the Alum Bagh."

He leaned on the parapet, straining to listen; knowing that men he knew would be fighting out there.

"We shall soon be safe," sobbed Mrs. Hossack. "They must be here soon—perhaps tomorrow!"

But Winter did not speak, or Lou. Winter watched Alex, oblivious of the guns, absorbed in him as though he were the only person present, as though she were trying to imprint every line and angle and hollow of his face on her mind; every tone and inflexion of his voice, so that she could keep them there, sharp and distinct, through the long days to come, and never forget them.

The wind shifted in the night. In the morning the cannonade was less easy to hear, and that day it came no nearer. But on the following day the guns were no longer a mile or so outside the city, but firing from within the city limits, as the Highlanders and the Sikhs, and the British and native cavalry and infantry under Havelock's command fought their way through the streets.

The gates of the Rose Palace were barred and barricaded. Every shutter was closed and bolted, and none stirred outside while the city shook to the savage din of battle. And, as the sun sank, the wind blowing from the direction of the Residency brought with it a new sound, faint but unmistakable; a roar of cheering.

"They've got there," said Alex with a lunatic desire to cheer himself hoarse. "Listen to that! They've got there."

He was right. They had got there at last. But the garrison of the Residency, though sure now of survival, was not relieved after all, but only reinforced. The regiments who fought their way through the streets were too badly mauled and their losses too great for them to be able to do more than join the exhausted defenders in the Residency and stand siege there themselves.

Alex talked for a long time with old Dasim Ali on the last evening of September, and then he went down to the painted room and to Winter.

She was combing out the long waves of her hair, and he sat on the low Indian bed and watched, and did not speak.

AFTER a moment she laid down the comb and turned towards him. The light of the lamp behind her fell upon his face but left her own in shadow, the soft, wavering flame glinting on the long ripples of her black hair and outlining her small head.

She looked at him in silence, seeing in his face what it was that he had come to say. He held out a hand to her, and she came to him and put her arms about him, with his head against her heart.

He held her quite gently, leaning against her, and presently he said: "I can take you with me. There are troops at Alum Bagh, just outside the city. It will not be too difficult or too dangerous to get you there. You can pass as an Indian. And once you are there, you will be safe. After that it will only mean reaching Cawnpore, and then by river to Allahabad and Calcutta"

Winter said: "Would you come with me?" and knew the answer before she asked it.

Alex said: "To Alum Bagh, darling. Perhaps to Cawnpore."

"And after that?"

"I—you would be safe then."

Winter put up a hand and stroked his dark hair. She said softly and quite steadily: "And you?"

He said in a harsh, difficult voice: "I must go back to Lunjore." He saw her flinch, and went on, as though she had spoken: "I must, dear! I should never have left. There was so much that I could have done there—or tried to do. It is my work; my responsibility. It's my own district. And I ran away from it, because——"

"Because you were saddled with three women," said Winter with a break in her voice. "But you can't go back there now. Alex, you can't! They would only kill you. There wouldn't be anything you could do there alone—not now! You'd only be throwing your life away, and it isn't only yours—it's mine too. It's mine!"

Alex's arms were hard about her now. He said: "I know. But it isn't true that there is nothing that I could do there now. And—and there is more than an even chance that I shall be safe. There are several of the Talukdars who I think would stand by me. Safdar Beg will lend me men. And Tare Chand—oh, and a dozen others!

"There is no one to keep order there now. But once they see someone in authority again, it will quiet them and bring back order and sanity, give them the assurance that there is still a stable government and a law that does not depend on the will or the whim of any individual who happens to be temporarily in power. That is what they need; peace and quiet and that assurance.

"It wasn't the villages—or even the city—that created the trouble. It was the sepoys, and they will have gone now. I must go back. Give me leave to go."

Winter said: "And if I will not? Will you still go?"

"I must. But I would go happier if I went with your leave."

She said in a whisper, because she could not trust her voice not to break again: "Go with it, my love."

She felt him relax then. He leaned his weight against her as though he were very tired, and tears that she wished she could hide from him ran down her cheeks and her throat.

After a little while she said: "When are you going?"

"Tonight. In an hour."

She did not answer him at once. Then she said: "I'm not going."

He looked at her then, quickly, and she went on: "Dear, I could not go. They would send me away to Calcutta. I should be at the other end of India. I shall be nearer to you here, and far safer than you will be.

"Ameera will take care of me, and I shall be among friends. I was born in this room, and I have thought about it and loved it all my life. Perhaps your child will be born in it too. I will wait here for you."

He went before midnight, slipping out by the narrow side door, and only his wife and Dasim Ali saw him go. Winter stood pressed against the little iron-studded door and listened to the sound of his quick, light footsteps dying out on the dusty road outside, and presently the night swallowed up the sound, and old Dasim Ali touched her on the arm and she turned away.

THE news that Delhi had been recaptured by the British reached the Rose Palace two days after Alex left. Delhi had been taken, but the price was high, for Nicholson was dead. He had been shot trying to rally his men in the attack on the city, and all that could die of him died nine days later—to leave an imperishable legend and the echoes of those hooves that could be heard from Attock to the Khyber.

Nikal Seyn was dead, and the men of the frontier who had fought at Delhi—Pathans, Multanis, Afghans—wept above his grave; and many, who had cared nothing for the Raj and had given allegiance only to him, went back to their own country. *There may be many sahibs—but only one Nikal Seyn.* . . .

The year wore slowly on, and the ceaseless, familiar sound of musketry and gunfire from around the Residency still made a background to each day, and it was not until mid-November that once again the roar of guns and the din of battle rattled the rickety fabric of the Rose Palace, as another British force fought its way towards a second relief of the Lucknow Residency. Once again the ugly tide of war surged through the narrow streets.

For a week gunfire and the crashing detonation of buildings being blown up shook Lucknow, but no one seemed to know how the battle went. The Residency was relieved for the second time—but had Lucknow itself been captured by the British? None from the Rose Palace dared go out for news, for the streets were not safe, and food ran short, and there came a day when there was no milk for Amanda and Jimmy Hossack.

Havelock died in that month, and on the day after his death word was whispered in the dusk at the barred gate of the Rose Palace that the *Jangi-lat-Sahib*, Sir Colin Campbell, was going to retreat from Lucknow and fall back once more upon Cawnpore, and that the evacuation would take place that very night, and in great secrecy.

The women and children were to leave in carts and doolies at midnight, while the city slept, stealing out under cover of darkness and making for the Alum Bagh, which was strongly held by the British.

Ameera brought the news to Winter. "My husband and Dasim Ali," said

LIFE—4

Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards.

S. A. Kierkegaard

Ameera, "say that, if it be thy wish, it can be arranged that thou and the two women with the children go also. There are doolies here, and men to carry them, and they will join with the other *mem-log* at a place that is known to them, and take thee to safety. But it must be decided swiftly, for already it is dark."

Winter smiled lovingly at her. "I will tell the others. It may be that they will choose to go. But I will stay here—unless thou and thy husband wish me to be gone. And if that be so, then thou wilt have to send me away by force."

"That we will never do," said Ameera, embracing her. "Is this not the house in which thou wast born? Go and tell thy friends to make ready, if they would go."

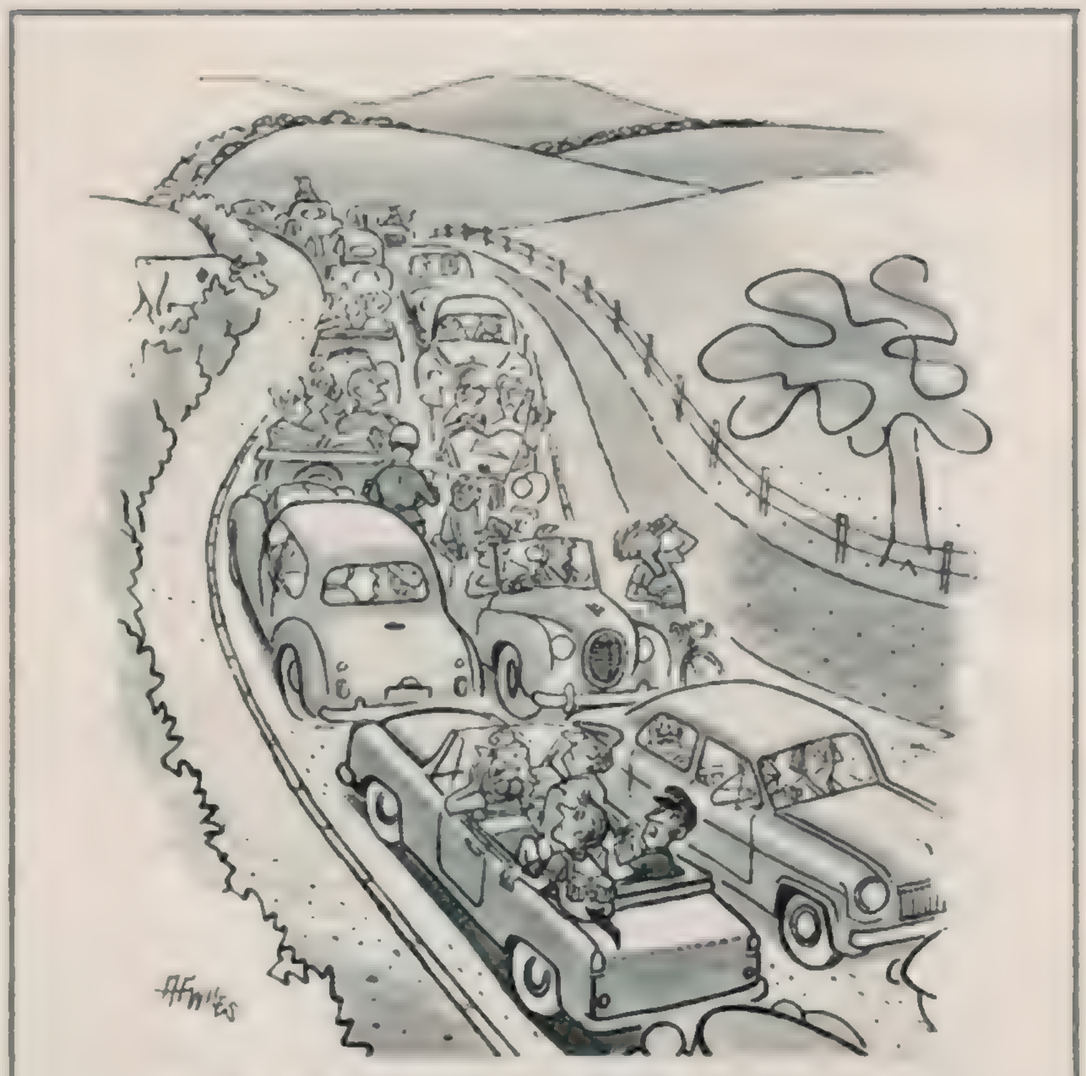
There was no question of their being willing to go. Lou in particular was desperately eager to leave the Rose Palace. It meant that she would be able to find safety for Amanda at last.

Josh, her husband, would be in Calcutta. She could take the baby to him there.

Mrs. Hossack tried to persuade Winter to go with them, and Lou also urged her to leave. "You have the child to think of," she said.

"It is Alex's child," said Winter. "Alex knew that Lucknow would be taken, but he did not ask me to leave. Don't you see, Lou, that even if I wished to go I could not? Everyone in this house has risked his life to save ours—and when they took us in they had no idea of profiting from it.

"We owe them a debt; a very great one. If I stay here, and I am here when the attack comes, the fact that I am in this house may save it. I could not go. Alex knew that."



"If we hadn't thumbed a lift we'd be there by now"

Lou wasted no more words. Somewhat unexpectedly, she kissed Winter. Even more unexpectedly there were tears in her eyes. They smiled at each other with affection and respect, their hands holding tightly for a moment, and kissed again, saying nothing because there was so much to say—and yet so little that need be said.

Then Lou left, with Amanda, Mrs. Hossack and Jimmy. The gate creaked shut behind them and the bars and bolts grated hurriedly back into place, and the shuffling footsteps of the doolie bearers faded and were swallowed up by the night as Alex's quick, light ones had been.

Sir Colin Campbell's army retreated from Lucknow, taking with them the women and children and all who remained of the gallant garrison who had held out so stubbornly and for so long. They left behind them the lonely dead and the empty shell of the Residency where a tattered Union Jack still fluttered in the dawn wind above the broken roof.

And in the little pink stucco palace in Lucknow City, only Winter remained of the thirteen fugitives who had been taken in and given shelter on that hot night in July.

Once again the tide of war drew out of Lucknow, leaving ruin and wreckage behind it, and there were no more sounds of the siege.

There was firing still, but not from the Residency. It was farther away now, from the Alum Bagh — the "Garden of the World"—a walled and fortified royal garden some two miles outside Lucknow, where Sir Colin Campbell had left a force under General Outram to hold at least one outpost within sight of the city.

The Mulvi of Faizabad, the best of the generals that the mutineer armies had produced, attacked the British there, and cut their communications with Cawnpore. All through the succeeding months the Alum Bagh was attacked again and again, as the Residency had been. But, unlike the Residency, it was not a besieged garrison holding out against insuperable odds, but a strongpost that defied capture and waited for the day when it would act as the spearhead of the final advance upon Lucknow.

The year ended, but the Mutiny still raged. Men still fought and died, and in Lucknow the mutineers dug defences and built barricades in preparation for the attack that they knew could not be long delayed; for the make-believe Mogul, Bahadur Shah, his brief, soap-bubble dream of empire had vanished with the fall of Delhi. Dundoo Pant of Bithore was a fugitive, and many of the strongholds that the mutineers had won were once more in British hands.

Within the Rose Palace the days passed peacefully, and Winter sank into the life of the household and became part of it.

The inmates of the palace frequently forgot that she was not one of them by birth, and she spoke, thought and dreamed in the vernacular as she had done as a child. She busied herself with the same household tasks, and was scolded by Mumtaz and instructed in the mysteries of drying and preserving fruits and grinding spices, of making jasmine oil and preparing surma—the black ore of antimony used for beautifying the eyes—and soap made from powdered gram.

Twice a day, morning and evening, Winter went alone to the rooftop and looked out across the tree tops and the lovely, battered city, towards Lunjore.

"He is not dead," she told Ameera. "If he were, I should feel it; here in my heart."

But there were times when she was not so sure, and then terror would suddenly overtake her, and she would think of Alex lying dead or dying in Lunjore—tortured or wounded or sick.

And then, in January, she heard news of him at last. Old Dasim Ali, who had friends everywhere, heard by a roundabout route that there was a Sahib again in Lunjore who had brought back order to the district. He was protected by a bodyguard of men provided by a sirdar who had reason to be grateful to him, and with this backing he had taken control of Lunjore and put down the malcontents. He had set up courts again, with native magistrates and judges and native police, and life was gradually returning to normal.

The rumour gave no name, but Winter did not need one. She knew that it must be Alex, and that he had been right to go.

All through January the insurgents kept up their attacks on the Alum Bagh, but in mid-January the Mulvi was wounded and driven back.

In mid-January Winter's labour began. It was not an easy birth, and there were times when Ameera and Mumtaz Begum and Hamida, and others of the women who were continuously in and out of the painted room, looked at each other in fear and anxiety. But Winter remembered a long, hot, agonizing day in the Hirren Minar, and Alex's voice talking to Lottie—explaining, encouraging, soothing; and it was as if he spoke to her now as he had spoken then to Lottie.

It seemed to her at times as though she could hear his voice quite clearly; as though he were actually in the room with her, holding her hands as he had held Lottie's, telling her not to be afraid. And she was not afraid.

Then suddenly she thought that he was in the room, and screamed to him by name—a scream that rang out through the open windows and across the silent garden and awoke the echo that lived within the high encircling walls: "Alex! Alex! Alex!"

And to the sound of that echo Alex's son was born.

It was March when the long-expected attack upon Lucknow began, and day after day, day after endless day, the guns roared in the city, and the streets were battlegrounds and graveyards and charnel houses, and the dead littered every yard of the contested ground.

Colin Campbell's army—Highlanders, Sikhs, Punjabis, British and Indian regiments of cavalry and infantry, Peel's naval brigade and Jung Bahardur's Gurkas from Nepal—stormed the defences and flung themselves on the guns, fighting forward yard by yard, through the red, reeking streets; through the storm of grape and canister and round shot and the choking smoke of burning houses; past fortified palaces and over the bodies of the dead, driving the mutineers back from street to street, from building to building.

Food became scarce again in the Rose Palace, while the fighting swayed to and fro through the city and none dared venture beyond the walls; and towards the end of the month, when the last resistance had been crushed and the terrible guns were silent, there was little food to be obtained in the broken, burnt-out bazaars, and the shattered city starved.

Winter grew very thin in those days, as did Ameera and Hamida and many others, not only in the Rose Palace but in all Lucknow. Her eyes seemed too big for her face. But the baby throve, and her anxiety was not on her son's account. It was, as it had always been, for Alex.

For the fall of Lucknow had not brought peace to Oudh. General Sir Colin Campbell, the commander-in-chief, had committed one of those incomprehensible tactical errors that mar the success of so many campaigns. He had prevented General Outram from cutting off the enemy's retreat, with the result that the greater part of the opposing army had escaped.

Old Dasim Ali, hearing that news, had shaken his head lugubriously and wagged his beard. If only part of that army crossed into Lunjore, said Dasim Ali, it would be hard with Randall Sahib—if he were there, and still alive.

April brought with it once again a warning of the molten heat to come, and the small, bare rooms of the Rose Palace seemed airless and stifling once more. Food was still scarce and milk was scarcer. But news was scarcest of all.

The mutiny was being stamped out, and the savage reprisals that Alex feared and predicted were accompanying that process. The British troops who had been rushed to India expected no quarter and gave none. They went into battle shouting as their battle cry: *"Remember Cawnpore!"*

And they remembered Cawnpore and killed without mercy, and hanged without mercy, condemning a man more often for the colour of his skin than from any proof of guilt.

Soon it would be May again, and the hot, burning days that a year ago had seen the fuel catch fire would see it still burning fiercely, though with a dying flame, in Jhansi and Rohilkhand and Gwalior and Oudh. But there was still no news from Lunjore.

"Surely if her husband were alive he would send word?" said the women of the Rose Palace. "It must be that he is dead."

The thought was often clear on their faces and in their kind, troubled eyes, and one day it was too clear to be borne, and Winter answered it as though it had been spoken aloud.

"No! It is not true. He is not dead. I have only to wait. . . ."

And she snatched up her son and carried him up to Alex's rooftop, although the sun had not yet set and the heat shimmered on the hot stonework. She strained her eyes in the direction of Lunjore as though her love could reach beyond the horizon and pierce the dust clouds and the distance and the heat haze.

Some day, thought Winter. *One day. . . .*

Then, quite suddenly, she could bear it no longer, and she turned and ran desperately, as she had run before, to the refuge of the painted room, sobbing and shuddering. She pushed the bed to one side and sank down on the matting with her child in her arms.

Outside the windows the birds were settling down to rest with noisy chatterings and cawings and a flutter of wings among the orange trees; and, beyond the far wall of the garden, the dome of the little whitewashed mosque with its iron emblem of the crescent moon cut a lilac pattern against the sky.

The hum of the city rose up about the Rose Palace, washing around it, and through it and above it Winter could hear all the familiar friendly sounds of the house, the distant chatter of shrill, feminine voices, children laughing, a baby crying, the aged gateman clearing his throat and coughing asthmatically, a clatter of cooking pots and the creak of the well wheel. The sounds mingled and mixed with the no less dear and familiar scents of water sprinkled on parched ground, the spicy smell of eastern cooking and the smoke of dung fires, the scent of orange blossom and jasmine and marigolds, and the smell of warm dust and sun-soaked stone.

The sounds and the scents seemed to weave a web about the painted room, isolating it in safety, and Winter drew a long slow sigh and felt the last of the shuddering fear leave her.

There were footsteps and a murmur of voices in the passage beyond the doorway, and then someone lifted the heavy curtain that hung before it. She opened her eyes and looked up. . . .

It was Alex.

THE END

"Shadow Of The Moon" by M. M. Kaye is to be published as a book by Longmans next spring.

Old Fourlegs

Continued from page 21

prepare a detailed description of what remained of the animal, giving ample and accurate illustration. Earlier I had given it the name *Latimeria chalumnae*, after Miss Latimer and the Chalumna River, off the mouth of which it was caught.

I bore a heavy teaching and administrative burden in the chemistry department and could well have done with relief to expedite my work on the coelacanth, but foolish pride kept me from asking.

Each day I rose at 3 a.m., and worked on the animal until 6. Then I cleaned up and went for a four-mile walk over the hills. On my return I would write up my observations from the notes, and when I left for college at 8.30 a.m. my wife took these and typed them. At lunch-time I would go over them and she would retype them during my afternoon absence.

When I returned home in the evening I would start again, and usually worked until 10 p.m. I don't suppose I averaged four hours' sleep any night during the week. It was the same old mixture my life had always been—turbulence and trouble, only more intense.

My work on the coelacanth went slowly, and it was clouded by the perpetual tragedy that the soft parts were not available. I pushed this factor aside, for it was not irremediable and only made me more determined to find more and whole specimens. At the back of my mind a plan was forming to hunt for the home of the coelacanth —a project that came to overshadow all else in my life.

All over the world scientists were wondering how the existence of the coelacanth had ever escaped notice. One obvious theory was that advanced in Britain—that the coelacanth caught off East London was a wanderer from the deepest oceans.

I could never understand how this view could find acceptance. One glance at the coelacanth disposed of that idea. The coelacanth's scales overlapped to form a hard, armour-like protection over its whole body. Its bony head and stout spiny fins showed me clearly that it was an inhabitant of rocky, reef-strewn seas. What use would a fish living in soft deep-sea ooze have for such a protection? Its blue colour also was not that of a deep-sea fish; you don't find blue fishes there. And its impressive bulk, its cumbersome structure indicated that it was no fast swimmer but had to kill its food by stealth.

If one coelacanth had been found there must be others. I determined to find them, to capture a complete specimen that would tell me everything about how this ancient fish lived, and how the complicated structure of later animals had evolved.

My life in the months following the discovery was troubled and difficult, and there was little time for reflection. The problem of the origin or habitat of the coelacanth was rather like a hovering storm, ever present, nagging at my mind. It seemed obvious that the chief hope of finding others lay in an expedition with a vessel well equipped to explore the life about the reefs, where I was certain the coelacanth lived.

Having no funds of my own I approached several large overseas institutions, but the results were indefinite. A picture of the coelacanth and the offer of a reward for any further specimens was sent to all trawlers and fishing vessels. On all these the coelacanth came to be known as "Old Fourlegs," because of its strange, limb-like fins.

Daily we hoped for news, but the coelacanth storm slowly subsided, and the gathering clouds of international tension and war finally disposed of my hopes for an expedition.

All through the war we sought constantly for news and evidence of the coelacanth. My wife and I walked hundreds, probably thousands, of miles showing the coelacanth picture to people of all classes, race and colour. But we got nothing of any value. Before the war ended it came to look as if the coelacanth could not possibly live normally anywhere near where the first one had been caught.

It seemed certain that that one had been a stray, drifting down with the strong currents that wash the East African shores. My thought turned to the tropics, to East Africa, to remote areas little touched by civilization. In those areas primitive tribes were probably catching coelacanths and thinking nothing of it. The problem of finding the coelacanth's home became even greater.

I came to realize that it could not be long before I cut loose from chemistry, and devoted all my time to studying fish. The South African Government had set up a Council for Scientific and Industrial Research to co-ordinate scientific research and administer funds. This seemed to give me the chance I had been dreaming about—to work on fishes, to change from sulphuretted hydrogen to formalin.

Fortunately I was awarded a fellowship. I resigned from my teaching post, and in 1947 my new life started. Immediately, my thoughts and energies were devoted to my great ambition—the hunt for the coelacanth.

In March it was announced that a committee had been formed to consider an expedition to hunt for the coelacanth. The projected expedition was named the "African Coelacanth Marine Expedition" or "A.C.M.E."

I wanted to hunt and find coelacanths and knew how I proposed to set about it; but some committee members had their own ideas. I did not greatly mind as long as this led the way to finding the coelacanth, and the area to which I had pointed, Madagascar and Mozambique, certainly needed investigation.

When the details of the vessels and equipment needed for all this came up, finance became a problem. Then I mentioned that I intended to use explosives, and this raised further difficulties, for fishery interests might be antagonized. The vessels, however, were the chief problem, and there was at least a possibility of one being loaned by a group like the British "Discovery" Committee. But when this suggestion was put to Prime Minister Smuts it was rejected by him. Nobody expected a prime minister to give reasons.

Before the end of the year, it became clear that the large-scale project visualized by the committee was financially impossible. I submitted my original plan, one much less ambitious and less costly but at least as effective. One part of it was to circulate a descriptive leaflet showing a picture of the coelacanth, giving a brief description and offering a reward; it was to be printed in English, Portuguese and French, and I proposed that it should be distributed everywhere along the coast of East Africa, Madagascar and all islands in those waters.

The A.C.M.E. project fizzled out. I was left with a sense of frustration, but as a scientist I knew that I had to go on with the work, by myself if necessary. There was only one way I could cover vast and remote areas without going myself and without great expenditure—the leaflet. I told the council, which approved the idea, and both they and Rhodes University College agreed to guarantee £100 each as a reward for the first two coelacanths obtained.

These leaflets were printed in Lourenço Marques, the capital of Mozambique. The Portuguese, with characteristic thoroughness, sent numbers to every port of their East African territory. And port authorities in the Union handed them to captains of ships going north, with a request that they should leave some at every port they touched. Batches were sent to every major port along the east African coast for them to be distributed among fishermen. Others were sent by air to Madagascar.

I felt that even if I could not go and look everywhere myself, money talks, and the leaflet would have thousands of eyes constantly looking on my behalf. I had high hopes, but prepared also for many years of laborious searching myself.

To study the fishes of South Africa it had become quite clear that I should also have to study the fishes of East Africa. I felt that there could hardly be a more fortunate combination than to go hunting coelacanths as well as other fishes in all that huge, virtually unknown area, full of wonderful reefs and channels, just the parts where I judged that coelacanths should live and, big as they are, remain unknown.

The Council for Scientific and Industrial Research lent a ready ear to my proposals and provided funds for exploratory work.

In 1947 and 1948 my wife and I carried out expeditions over the southern regions of Mozambique. Each year we went farther afield. Always we carried the leaflet, spoke of the coelacanth, and asked questions.

In 1948 I met a native in the Bazaruto area of Mozambique who picked on the fish at once. Yes, he had once caught just such a fish; he got it one evening in the deep channel south of Bazaruto island, but had never seen or heard of another since. He spoke of its oiliness, the soft flesh, and the absence of bone, things about which he could never know except from an actual specimen. He could not say if the tail was the same, but it was near enough.

This was the only reasonably hopeful sign we got in all that long search up the east coast. For years it remained the only one.

In 1950 the "Discovery" organization wrote to say that the research vessel William Scoresby would be going on a voyage and would call and look for coelacanths in South Africa.

The William Scoresby had bad luck. She arrived in April, 1950. The engineer had to be shipped back to Cape Town, the vessel had to be dry docked. Her chief scientific officer, Robert Clark, came by land from Cape Town to Grahamstown to tell me their plans. They hoped to find coelacanths at East London, and had come well equipped with lines, nets and special traps. He requested my co-operation and advice.

I warned him of the difficulties, currents and foul bottom, and advised consultation with trawlermen. I cancelled a trip to Lourenço Marques to be able to visit East London and go out with them for part of this time.

Very few things upset Robert Clark, but even he was a bit depressed when I arrived there. They had found no coelacanths. There was no point in my going out to sea with them, for they no longer had any traps, lines or nets. The patchy bottom and swift, apparently opposing currents at variable depths had beaten them. The traps were lost, the lines ripped away and all the nets torn.

Instead of taking me to sea, they took me down to the ship's saloon and opened a bottle of champagne, of which my share was by choice only the smell.

Later, in 1950, we worked in the area about the island of Mozambique, most of the time at and about Pinda, truly the most wonderful haunt of fish life. It is a jungle-covered peninsula, wild and remote, with a lighthouse at its northern tip. The reef is enormous, at least five miles by eight in extent, and there is every kind of bottom, from sand to coral, sheltering fishes of all types.

It was a hard life, supplies were difficult, water very scarce, and we were plagued by packs of man-eating lions that terrorized the area. Almost every night they tore open the natives' flimsy huts and savagely choked their last frenzied screams. It was horrible to hear the triumphant roar that accompanied a kill. In the mornings we would find the lions' pug marks near our bedroom window. It was far from pleasant. . . .

The Portuguese had done their work well. Even in remote lighthouses such as that on the island the leaflet was posted for all to see. Again and again some headman would show it, stuck on the pole of his hut. As a treasured possession, it would sometimes be produced from the inside of a fisherman's garment.

There could have been few, even in those remote parts, who had not heard about the coelacanth. They all knew that ten thousand escudos were offered for this fish. To the natives all along the coast, the coelacanth is now known as *Dez Contos de Peixe*—the Hundred Pound Fish.

In our travels we came to realize that most of them doubted whether there really was anyone so crazy as to pay that vast sum for one fish, and we tried to convince them. Added to that, experience taught me that while the average native could recognize a picture of a fish he already knew well, it was the exception for one to be able to recognize an unknown fish from a picture.

In 1951 we worked over one of the

LIFE—5

Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

Lord Lytton

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

GLUCKSTEIN OF THE GUARDS

BY ELSPETH HUXLEY

He was a little man with big ideas—and great responsibilities. If he failed, the Mau Mau would capture the fort and win a great victory

THE YELLOW RIBBON

BY CLEDWYN HUGHES

Farmer Thomas John bought a horse one day—a mare called Dixie. A great love grew between the farmer and the mare. A love that defied death . . .

If you can brush after meals, that's best—if not, here's

NEWS! A toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal-

Picnicking on Hog's Back, Surrey

JUST ONE BRUSHING removes most bacteria—major cause of decay and mouth odour

Can't brush after every meal? Then new Gleem toothpaste is specially *made* for busy people like you. *Just one brushing* with Gleem removes most bacteria — major cause of tooth decay and mouth odour. That's because Gleem has the exclusive ingredient GL-70★, an important new decay-fighter. Gleem with GL-70 *gets at the cause of decay.*

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wildest and least known parts of East Africa, the northern territory of Mozambique, between Port Amelia and the Rovuma. This was one of the most arduous of our undertakings. Along the coast are a number of islands, densely bushed but waterless and uninhabited. There are no communications and no supplies; there is constant high wind, with occasional storms, currents are fierce, and there is a rise and fall of fourteen feet at spring tides.

We lived and voyaged all along those terrible shores in a small vessel provided by the Portuguese. Taking advantage of the few occasions when the wind abated a trifle, we would rush from one island shelter to another, often only precarious.

Fishes, well, they were there in millions, wonderful fishes so unsophisticated that they almost climbed aboard. But we never saw a trace of anything like a coelacanth, nor had any of the people we met, white or black.

In all this time I was still the only scientist in the world to believe that the coelacanth came from somewhere about tropical East Africa. My views were looked on as obsession rather than a logical deduction. I was plainly crazy, even though this was leading to the discovery of marvellous scientific wealth in modern fishes.

Constantly very conscious of all this incredulity, I became increasingly puzzled and worried, because just north of Mozambique the great westerly current of the Indian Ocean divides, part going north and part south. If the true home of the coelacanth lay anywhere south of that division it was easy to understand how one at least had wandered down to the waters around East London, as many tropical fishes do.

The fact that the coelacanth did get to East London made it far less likely that its home lay anywhere north of the level of Cape Delgada, opposite which the current divides. We had so far failed to find that home in the area of the southern branch along East Africa itself.

ALL along that part of the East African coast, and exactly opposite, lay the thousand-mile stretch of Madagascar. Whenever I studied the map, my eyes became focused there—and on those islands north-west of it, the Comores.

Those Comores were a constant obsession. Again and again I stood looking across that blue water, from northern Mozambique. The Comores lay south of that critical current divide. Yes, they obsessed me, and they were so tantalizingly near, much nearer than Madagascar; Grand Comoro was barely two hundred miles away, scarcely more than a day in our small vessel.

We had no compass, for coastline navigation in our small boat did not demand one. I knew how the currents ran and their speed, and could have used my watch, the sun and the stars to find the way to the islands. Those islands are all high and can be seen from a long way off, but my wife showed an unusual lack of enthusiasm whenever I raised the project.

In 1952 we organized an expedition to Zanzibar, Pemba, part of Tanganyika and Kenya. In all phases of our work we were greatly helped by the authorities of each country, and at the close of our stay in Zanzibar, at the request of the authorities, we held a public exhibition of our discoveries. It was crowded out all day.

Late in the afternoon, a schooner owner asked my wife if he could have a few leaflets on the coelacanth. He wanted to take them back to the Comores.

The Comores! My wife jumped at the mere mention of their name. What did this man know about the Comores? He told her that he was Eric Hunt and lived by trading between Africa and the Comores. My wife's quick reaction led Hunt to ask at once if she thought there was any possibility that the coelacanth might be at the Comores.

More than a possibility, she told him, and that I had long believed that coelacanths would likely be found somewhere about Madagascar—for one thing, fossils of the coelacanth were well known there.

Hunt took a batch of leaflets, and asked many questions. My wife gave him a great deal of information that might help him. She was impressed by his quick grasp of essentials and finally showed him the account and pictures of the coelacanth in a copy of a book I had written on South African fishes. Finally, he said that he was confident that he would recognize a coelacanth at once.

This was September, 1952, and soon afterwards Hunt took the leaflets to the Comores, showed them to the authorities and spoke about the coelacanth. One visiting official had apparently seen and heard about the leaflets before, but appeared to have the impression that they represented an insane idea and a useless search, for fish of that type lived in the deep sea. Hunt, however, had no difficulty in interesting the Governor, who had them sent round to all the islands of the Comores and distributed by native runners, who explained their import to the natives.

At the close of our work in Zanzibar we went to Pemba; then to Kenya, where we spent several months working over a wide area of the coast. Finally near mid-December we embarked on the Dunnottar Castle at Mombasa. All our collections, preserved in the cold store, went with us.

On the way south we called at Zanzibar, and there my wife went ashore to visit the market and to renew acquaintance with friends. As she neared the wharf, there was Hunt on his schooner.

She went aboard, and he told her that he had not yet found any clues to coelacanths. He was expecting some formalin to arrive at any time.

"If I do get a coelacanth and haven't any formalin, what do I do?" he asked. "There is no refrigeration at the Comores."

My wife said he should not even think of such an awful possibility, but advised him to use salt, as the natives did in salting sharks.

"O.K., thanks," he replied. "Anyway, when I get a coelacanth I'll send you a cable." They both laughed with amusement.

So did some imp of fate, for only ten days later all those things happened: a coelacanth, no formalin, salt, and the startling cable that reached me at Durban. . . .

I came back suddenly in the early afternoon of December 24, 1952, to the reality of the hard times ahead. Hunt had a coelacanth, putrefying on an island so remote that it might almost be on another planet. I was not even at home, but on a ship in Durban, due to leave soon. And to make things more difficult it was Christmas.

Dr. George Campbell, an old friend who was visiting us on the Dunnottar Castle, squeezed my shoulder, smiled and said: "Cheer up, J. L. B., you'll win." That is how patients are brought back to life.

There was no ordinary telephone on the ship, but Captain Smythe had told me that the telephone on the bridge was at my service.

I tried to put through a call to Dr. P. J. du Toit, president of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, which had provided most of the funds for my expeditions. Half an hour passed. I paced up and down. Would the call never come?

My wife came on to the bridge, and suddenly the phone rang. I grabbed it in a second. "Sorry, there is no trace of Dr. du Toit. He cannot be found."

I had to work quickly. If du Toit could not be found, it would have to be someone else. My mind flashed over the names of the Cabinet, one by one. I settled on Eric Louw, Minister of Economic Affairs. Not long before, the research council had been placed under his charge. He knew my work, and I knew him personally. Yes, he was the man.

From the lines on his face his duodenum probably twisted the same way as mine. I had a suspicion that he might look on Christmas with the same jaundiced eye as myself. Yes, he was the man.

I went to the phone again: "Would the post office please find Minister Eric Louw?"

My vigil on the bridge began again. Half an hour later I learned that Louw was in America. I thought of other Ministers—Donges and Sauer. They were at college with me.

I tried to get Donges . . . and heard that he was on a train running from Pretoria to Cape Town. I should have to wait for his arrival, some hours ahead.

Again I paced the bridge until another message came. Minister Donges had arrived at Cape Town and would speak to me from his home in half an hour. *Half an hour*. That half an hour seemed like a year.

So I spoke to Eben Donges, Minister of Internal Affairs. I rapidly outlined the situation, which he grasped as quickly. He said that if he had been in Pretoria and in normal times he might have been able to do something, but where he was, in Cape Town, at such a time, the most difficult in all the year, communications would be almost impossible. Had I tried Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister?

Some years ago I had appealed to Prime Minister Smuts for help. Volcanic action under the sea had resulted in a tremendous slaughter of fish. Such an event is an ichthyologist's dream, and for years I had waited for such an opportunity. I was on a trawler far out at sea when the news came through. I persuaded the skipper to return to port. The moment we docked I made contact with the air force to try to get them to fly me to the scene, and, determined not to be beaten, went out to the Prime Minister's home at Groote Schuur to appeal for help. The Field-Marshal refused to see me.

I explained this to Eben Donges, so he suggested that perhaps Paul Sauer, the Transport Minister, could help. He was in Pretoria.

Back to the starting post once more. Holidays! Christmas holidays! "Would the post office please find Minister Paul Sauer?"

Again I walked up and down in that confined space, my brain going over the matter for the thousandth time. I had no food and no desire for food; even the tea they brought me remained untouched.

The telephone broke into my thoughts. Minister Sauer could not be found. Should the post office go on trying? I told them to do anything to find him.

THE sun went down, the lights came on. I must have walked many miles on that bridge. Late in the evening a call came through from Paul Sauer, but he was emphatic that he could do nothing; he could not authorize a civil plane for such a purpose, and anyway he had none to spare.

Lost in a maze of uncertainties I went to my cabin for the first of a series of restless, virtually sleepless nights. As I rolled and tossed I could see that fish in the humid heat of the Comores; Hunt was trying to turn a responsive nose away from the mounting odour. Was it a coelacanth anyway? What a fool I should be to trouble the Cabinet if it wasn't.

I awoke from a terrible nightmare to find that it was no dream.

Early in the morning, Christmas Day, I asked the post office to put through a call to the Minister of Defence. I waited for what seemed an age. The gong sounded for lunch, but I could not go. My liver revolts at the thought of a Christmas meal. Even the simple stuff they sent up to me remained uneaten.

Late in the afternoon the post office telephoned to say that they had tracked down Mr. Erasmus, the Defence Minister. He was at his farm at White River—with the only telephone miles away. It seemed fantastic to me that a Defence Minister should isolate himself like that, but I was back at the start again.

Boxing Day dawned after what to me was an interminable night. The post office telephoned to suggest that a head of one of the armed services might be able to help. I asked them to get in touch with him, and this time they got quick results. Soon I was

LIFE—6

It is a funny thing about life: if you refuse to accept anything but the best you very often get it.

Somerset Maugham

having exchanges with a distinctly hostile voice. It was a conversation that should have been recorded. At times it almost sizzled. Almost at once he asked what on earth a fish had to do with him.

I was compelled to ask if he thought I would dream of speaking to him on such a day about any frivolous matter. This was far from that—a matter of national importance.

"What!" he barked. "A fish! Of national importance!"

I barked back. "Yes! A fish."

He told me that there was no plane available. He could not think of such a thing anyway.

I told him that there was a Sunderland flying boat in Durban, and that I had heard it could be ready in a short time if its use could be authorized.

He asked me if I realized what such a flight meant; it might take a week to organize.

"Well, God help South Africa if we are attacked!" It was a reply I couldn't resist.

I returned to my wife and the friends visiting us on the boat. They were most concerned about my obvious tension and distress, and begged us to take some relaxation. We agreed to go to three different homes for lunch, tea and dinner, but did not dare to be away from the boat too long. After each meal we returned to the ship.

We were probably deadly guests at that luncheon. There was fish, but I could see only coelacanth. There was a delicious cold drink, but I could think only of formalin.

As soon as we got back to the ship a distracted purser handed me a cable. It was from Hunt, and had been sent on from Grahamstown:

CHARTER PLANE IMMEDIATELY AUTHORITIES TRYING CLAIM SPECIMEN BUT WILLING LET YOU HAVE IT IF IN PERSON STOP PAID FISHERMAN REWARD TO STRENGTHEN POSITION STOP INSPECTED FIVE KILOS FORMALIN NO REFRIGERATOR STOP SPECIMEN DIFFERENT YOURS NO FRONT DORSAL OR TAIL REMNANT BUT DEFINITE IDENTIFICATION HUNT

I read those cabled words again and again. I had certainly never concealed my views about the importance of the coelacanth, but I never thought of a complication like this. Hunt must be in a difficult position. He could not afford to antagonize the French, since his trading would almost certainly depend on their goodwill.

In my half distracted mind I could see the French standing over my fish, waiting to seize it unless I came in person. This new factor had been such a shock that I had not noticed that Hunt's cable read, "inspected five gallons of formalin," instead, of course, "injected." But the cable settled it. No longer was this a race against the putrefaction of the fish. It was a case for me going to the Comores. I had to have help from Malan.

WHEN we all sat round before dinner I had nothing else in mind but Malan. I had been forced to the very last ditch, with little hope. It was now a question only of finding where he was. Whom could we ask?

I thought of Desmond Prior, an old acquaintance, a sub-editor on the *Daily News*. Prior told me that Malan was somewhere at the Cape, nobody seemed to know where. It was as I had feared—the Cape—a darned long way off.

Prior suggested that I should speak to Dr. Vernon Shearer, M.P., now in Durban and living not far from where I was phoning. My host, Frank Evans, knew Shearer, and offered to ring him. In a few moments he called me to speak to Shearer, whose obvious deep concern and interest were comforting. It was arranged to go to Shearer's house after dinner.

Malan—I had awful fears about approaching him. This was Boxing Day and he would be resting, and as this could happen seldom, he was sure to be surrounded by extra concrete and steel walls to guard his privacy. If I ever succeeded in penetrating that curtain, to justify the tremendous request I had to make I could not even say, "This is a coelacanth," but only that "I believe it is very likely to be a coelacanth." Hunt's latest cable had given me terrible doubts.

I gave Shearer a brief account of my attempts to get air transport and said that I had been dubious of the wisdom of approaching Malan before it was quite certain that all else had been exhausted. Shearer was also uncertain, and suggested it might be best to have one more try for Erasmus, Minister of Defence. So off he went and had a long session on the telephone while we sat dumbly round a table.

His efforts ended as had most of mine: the post office told him that it was impossible to reach Erasmus that night. He booked a call for the earliest possible hour—9 a.m. next day. So there I was right back at the starting point again, but now I no longer had any doubts or reservations. Only Malan could help, and I said so, firmly: it was too late to wait for others. I must speak to him.

Shearer again said it would be difficult, but he was more than willing to try. He went off to the telephone, which was in an adjoining room, to put through a call to Groote Schuur, the Prime Minister's official residence.

Mrs. Shearer came into the room, and we sat round the table, silent, concentrating on the conversation at the telephone.

"Dr. Vernon Shearer. Groote Schuur, Cape. Yes, the Prime Minister. A matter of national importance. I must speak to him tonight. Yes, thank you."

He came back; the post office would ring later. I sat steeped in suspense and apprehension, without much hope. Prime Minister. H'm! There was Smuts, of whom everyone spoke and regarded as having a real interest in science. He had not only turned down my request, he had refused even to see me. Now this other prime minister, Malan. What would he do in similar circumstances?

The telephone bell crashed through my thoughts and went on ringing furiously. Shearer went out hastily to answer it.

"Yes, Vernon Shearer, M.P., Member of Parliament. . . . Yes, yes, tonight. Thank you." Another fruitless effort, for the Prime Minister was not at Groote Schuur, but at his private home at the Strand, where he was resting, and there were strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. Nevertheless Shearer had stressed the importance and urgency of the matter, and we began to hope that a call would go through.

The telephone rang again. Shearer reached it in a flash. "Yes, yes, Shearer, yes, Shearer." Silence—then in Afrikaans, "Yes, Madam. Vernon Shearer. How are you, Mrs. Malan? Is the Doctor well? Yes, I have with me Professor Smith."

I heard him give a brief outline of the facts, and my heart began to pound so madly it almost choked me. Then there was silence, Shearer was listening. It seemed an age, an agonizingly long time, and my body was shaking as in a fever.

Then Shearer's voice, subdued now, "You don't think it could be done now?" Another silence. "Yes, thank you very much indeed, very much obliged. Good night."

Shearer came back slowly, his face despondent. I had no need of words, my heart fell from my boots through the floor.

"Mrs. Malan," said Shearer. "I spoke to her. The Doctor was already abed and she was emphatic that nothing was to disturb him. She would promise nothing, but would see how he was in the morning. So that's that."

IT was 10.30 p.m. on December 26, 1952. It was probably the lowest ebb of my life. The sands of time were running out, screwing me down to the dregs, wringing out the last drops of my spirit from the rags of my being. The Dunnottar Castle was due to sail at 11 a.m. in the morning. Even if Malan was told and took some interest in it, the Strand was an awful long way off, diagonally across the Union, about as far from Durban as Venice from London, and it was Christmas, when public services are difficult or dead. I could hardly hope to have things settled before the boat sailed.

Mrs. Shearer jumped up, and said brightly, "No need to be gloomy. One never knows what the morning will bring. You're not to go yet, Professor, I'm going to make you a nice cup of tea." And off she went.

She bustled back soon afterwards with a tray full of good things, and put tea and cake before me; but misery destroys flavour and I ate and drank what could have been sawdust and muddy water for all it meant to my palate.

Even when everyone had finished and it was already more than time to go, I had a strange reluctance to get up. Although it really seemed that everything was finished, my mind fiercely resisted such a conclusion, for it meant that I was virtually giving up.

They were all looking at me, obviously waiting for me to move, all sitting there in a strained, strange silence. Suddenly, dramatically, all this was shattered by the loud ringing of the telephone, which in that tense atmosphere was like an explosion.

It startled us so much that for a few seconds nobody moved. Then Shearer and I jumped to our feet—he went off, we heard him say a few words, then silence, then a shout: "Quick, Professor, Dr. Malan! Dr. Malan wants to speak to you!"

NEXT WEEK: An airman warns me, "French fighter planes are after us"

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The fierce deer of Lyme won a bet for Piers Legh—and a queen's thanks for Old Watson

PIERS LEGH, who owned Lyme Park, in Cheshire, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was much given to accepting wagers. In his park he kept a famous breed of red deer, whose descendants flourish there to this day. They are renowned for their great size and fierceness.

One evening, "being merry" with friends, Legh boasted that his keeper, James Watson, then nearly sixty years old, could drive twelve brace of deer from the park all the way to Windsor as a present to Queen Anne. He was offered a bet of five hundred guineas that neither Watson nor any man alive could do such a thing.

Legh at once accepted the wager and sent for Watson, who stoutly said he would do it or lose his life and fortune.

The keeper accomplished the astonishing performance without a hitch, earning for himself the gratification of Queen Anne and five hundred guineas for his master.

Watson lived until 1753 when he died at the age of 104. In his 102nd year he hunted a buck for six hours with a friend of the family whose ancestor had hunted with him four generations previously. A portrait of this remarkable old retainer hangs in the house.

For centuries the Leghs hunted the wild deer, and maintained the curious custom of driving the stags across a pond at midsummer. The performance was attended with much ceremony, neighbours and friends coming from miles around to witness it.

Before it was given to the National Trust in 1946, Lyme was owned by the Legh family for nearly six hundred years. In the fourteenth century, the daughter of Sir Thomas Danyers, who rescued the Black Prince's standard at Caen, married the first Sir Piers Legh, and through her he gained the property. Since that time there have been ten more Piers Leghs to own Lyme.

The seventh Sir Piers took part in the sack of Edinburgh and entertained Mary Queen of Scots at Lyme during her captivity.

Her room, with remains of the bed she slept in, is close to the Long Gallery.

How to get there: Lyme Park is on the western outskirts of Disley, 6½ miles south-east of Stockport. *Open:* Winter: 2 till 4. Summer: 1 till 7. Closed Boxing Day and New Year's Day.

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Sounds like a travel brochure? In fact, it's young Mr. A. Wilkinson (22 Acres Street, Keighley) describing the thrills of that Paris weekend for two which he won with a *Bullets* £500.

You and a companion can be next to lose your hearts to Paris. Your coupon below can be the ticket—and your reward as much as £1,000 cash!

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That Rising	Fit Of The Tantrums
Looking For A New Job	Talking Business
Thugs, Hooligans, Crooks	In Came The Tide And
Down On The Farm	Must Have Been Dreaming
Grumble, Grumble, Grumble	At A Snail's Pace
In The Temple Of Fame	Not Very Fruitful
Skilled Worker	Sonny's A Headache, But
When The Crash Came	Tickles Me
Pushing And Shoving	If We Fixed The Weather

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

A Little Off The.....	Lifeblood Of.....
By The Time It's.....	Weekend.....
The.....Of A Child	Dad's Mended The .....,So

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated August 25.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated September 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 25, for early news of No. 2,051 result.)

POST ENTRY

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Have a wonderful meal with Guiseppe Ceruti's simple recipe for COD CORNWALL

Ingredients: 3 lbs. Cod, preferably tail end; 1 quart fresh mussels; mashed potatoes.

Method: Split and bone cod; season with salt and pepper; dip in milk; flour both sides; fry in margarine or butter—first on side without skin—until golden brown.

For the mussels: Put mussels in saucepan with a little water, chopped onion, and chopped parsley. Add a little white wine, cider or vinegar. Cook until tender, remove one shell, arrange with mashed potatoes around cod fillets. Garnish with parsley.

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